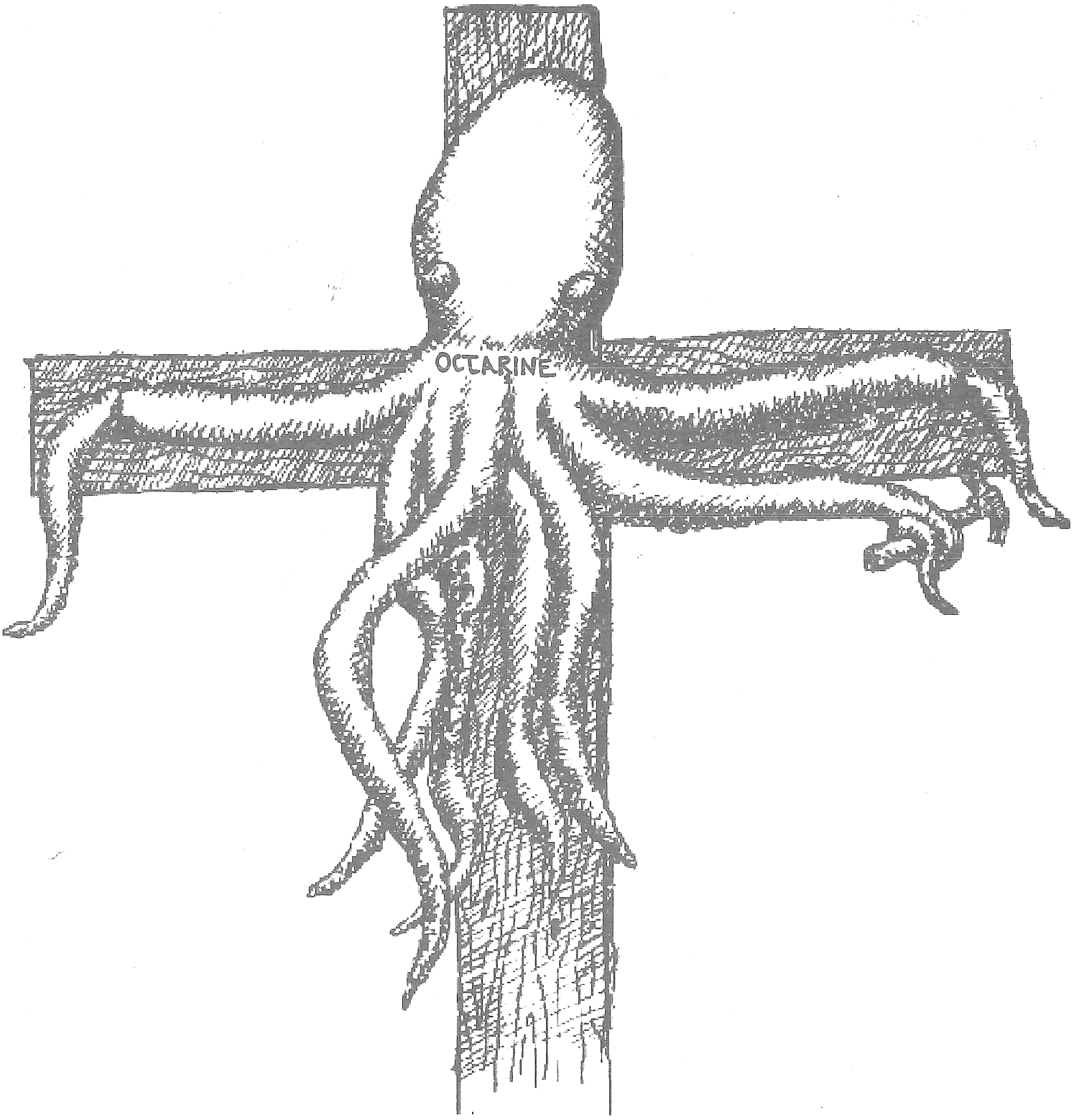

OCTARINE

Octarine

The Hyperspatial Journal for the Exploration of States of Chaos + Confusion

Send love letters and submissions to:

PO Box 13
St Lucia Q 4067
Australia
Email: bigk@it.uq.edu.au

Solstice 97

From our pleasuredome to yours...

Mitch Porter + Andrew Bulhak (cover), Rasalila (back cover), Hayden + the grrrls from QCA, Mr Maggoth Death, Humans minus Govt, David Be, Eric Katt, The Muse, Penny, Kiaist, Dean McInerney, Nat Godbold, Damon, Crotalus, Raze, One Very Sick Puppy, Tzimon Yliaster, Jake, Damo, Soror Lillyth, Tyler Gates, Timbomb, Gaia Girl Max, Felix, Ben Ohmart, Kylie and Darryl, Dean, D2, Vermillion Sands, Wanilly, Mandy Curties, Felis, Nigel Ward, Trisha Rode, Andrei Foldes, Matt Parnell, Paul Hardacre, Ward Levingston, The Mind Mechanic, Marty Branagan, Soma, Mark Kelsey + Noise Labs,

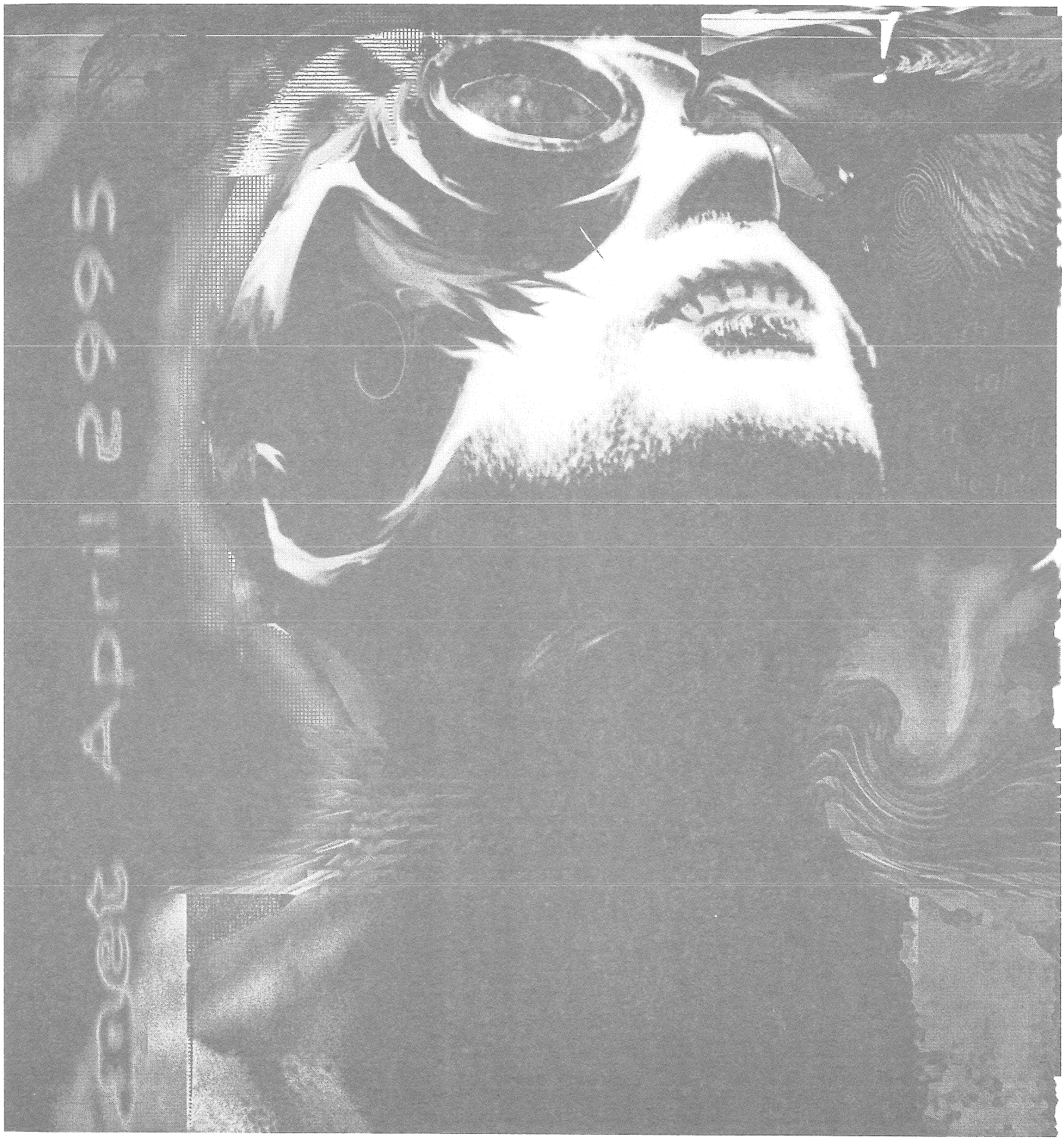
Ⓐ Anti-copyright • please spread the rumours!

Beware of thy desire. Let it be something that implies nothing but itself. There are no differences-only degrees of sensation.

Provoke consciousness in touch, ecstasy in vision.

Let thy highest virtue be: "Insatiety of desire, brave self-indulgence and primeval sexualism."

AOS



Realization is not by the mere utterance of the words 'I am I' nor by self-abuse, but by the living act.

If the desire for realization exists in thee, sensouous objects will continually provide conveniences.

AOS

ANGRY CANDY

PROMOTING THE FIGHT AGAINST STUPIDITY AND IGNORANCE

Look for people who:

- ☐ chew gum with their mouth open
- ☐ walk with their elbows out or sit with their knees wide apart
- ☐ are needlessly loud (talking, music, cars, etc)
- ☐ have the dominant handshake
- ☐ are politicians
- ☐ are creationists
- ☐ think the church is doing a good job
- ☐ wear thongs
- ☐ advocate censorship
- ☐ believe the media is unbiased and honest
- ☐ can't see the joke
- ☐ think that local council regulations are sensible
- ☐ do not realise this is the planet of the apes
- ☐ are fooled into thinking that frizzy hair, thick make-up, a short skirt and high heels (or any combination thereof) makes a woman magickally attractive
- ☐ are one person per car commuters into the city
- ☐ have faith in the police
- ☐ believe a man in a suit is instantly respectable or important or handsome
- ☐ can't distinguish between opinion and proof
- ☐ smoke tobacco
- ☐ judge others by their race or sex or creed or general appearance
- ☐ believe that everything is relative
- ☐ hold no convictions
- ☐ lack objectivity
- ☐ refuse to admit they are going to die
- ☐ believe that poor hygiene is a symbol of moral purity
- ☐ cannot admit their mistakes
- ☐ think that their family knows best
- ☐ do not care what they consume
- ☐ inflict their own moral code on others
- ☐ are opinionated
- ☐ sell things they know do not work
- ☐ equate profile with ability
- ☐ know better but refuse to act
- ☐ wholly disregard western philosophy/science/religion
- ☐ wholly disregard eastern philosophy/science/religion
- ☐ are satisfied with the choices in a democracy
- ☐ desire power over others
- ☐ resort to violence
- ☐ have an opinion on everything despite their lack of knowledge and understanding
- ☐ don't realise all religions are the same
- ☐ claim to be 'cultured'
- ☐ use an umbrella in a crowded, covered area
- ☐ automatically truncate your name or use a nickname when talking to you
- ☐ don't understand that history is a work of fiction
- ☐ blame videos for violent crime
- ☐ think skateboarding is an act of rebellion
- ☐ believe angry candy

Any people suspected of the above tendencies should be reported to

ANGRY CANDY
at GPO Box 2854 Brisbane QLD 4001 Australia
so action can be taken

Are you sick of the spiralling psychotic come-down after a night of excess, or a bit lacklustre about spending all that money on yet another "big event", or maybe you're just searching for something to add that extra spark to an all night bash (or even your life...)?

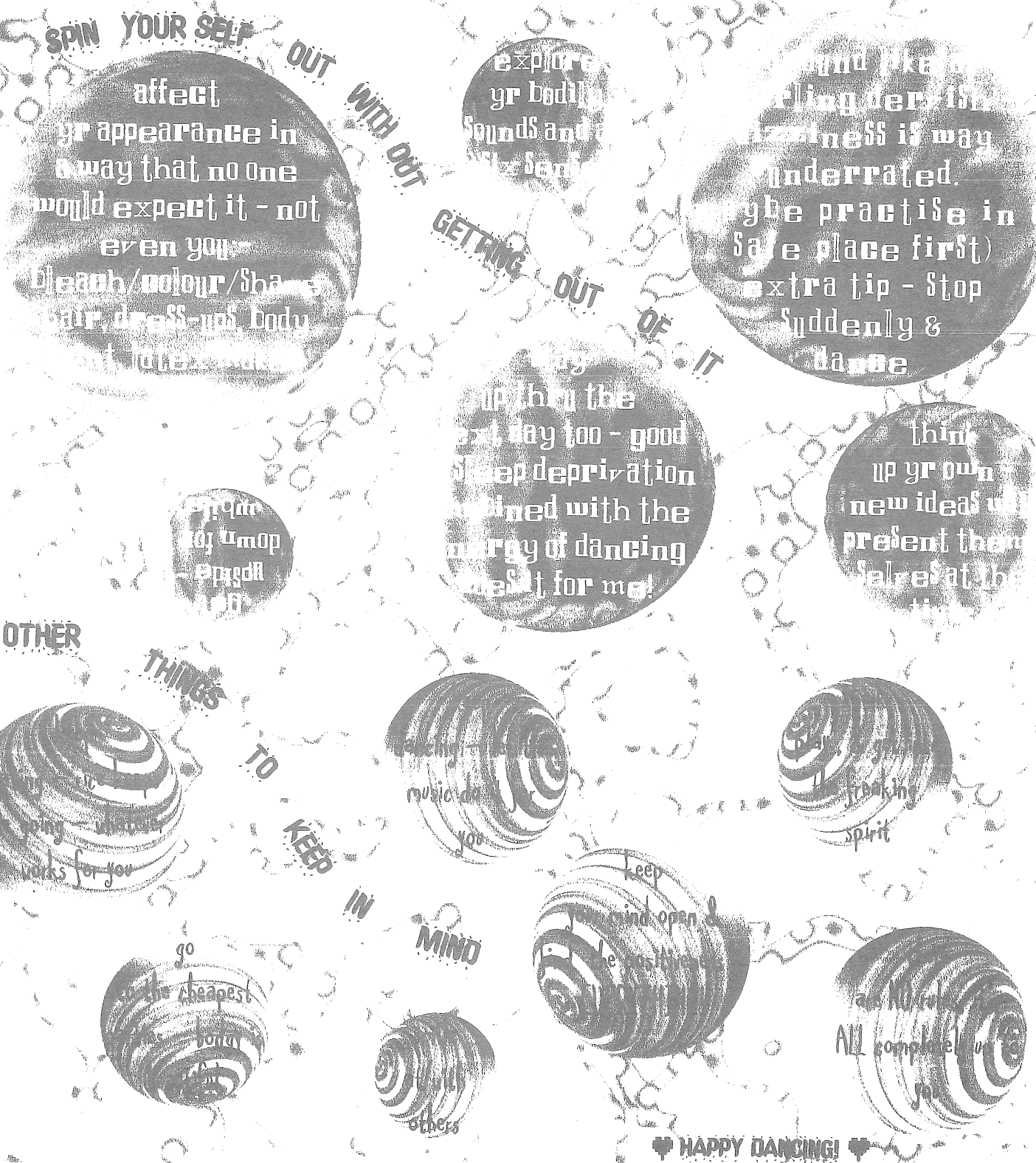
Perhaps you need to check out...

db's guide to...

THE PURE & NATURAL PSYCHEDELIC RAVE EXPERIENCE

(no extreme chemical additives required)

A few thoughts and ideas that help me come into & out of myself - but of course its different for every body.



What was in Matt's Special Sauce Pasta recipe? and what I added.

FRYPAN
LOWEST HEAT
BIG KNOB OF BUTTER (3cm³)
+ OIL
PLACE QUARTERED SHROOMS (REMOVE WHOLE IF SMALL HEAD DOWN) SKIN SIDE DOWN ENOUGH TO FILL CIRCUMFERANCE TIGHTLY
— SPICES yellow MUSTARD SEEDS FENNEL SEEDS
NUTMEG + CINNAMON TEASPOON EACH

2 TOMATOES (GREENISH as NOT YET ripe are good for frying.)

IMPORTANT DO NOT STIR + MIX Sauce alone -
+ not all of them tomatoes : mushrooms have to be in contact with pan base.
GRIND LOTS PEPPER ALL OVER.
JUST SHUFFLE PAN OCCASIONLY TO ENSURE INGREDIENTS ARE NOT STICKING
+ THE OIL/BUTTER IS EVEN

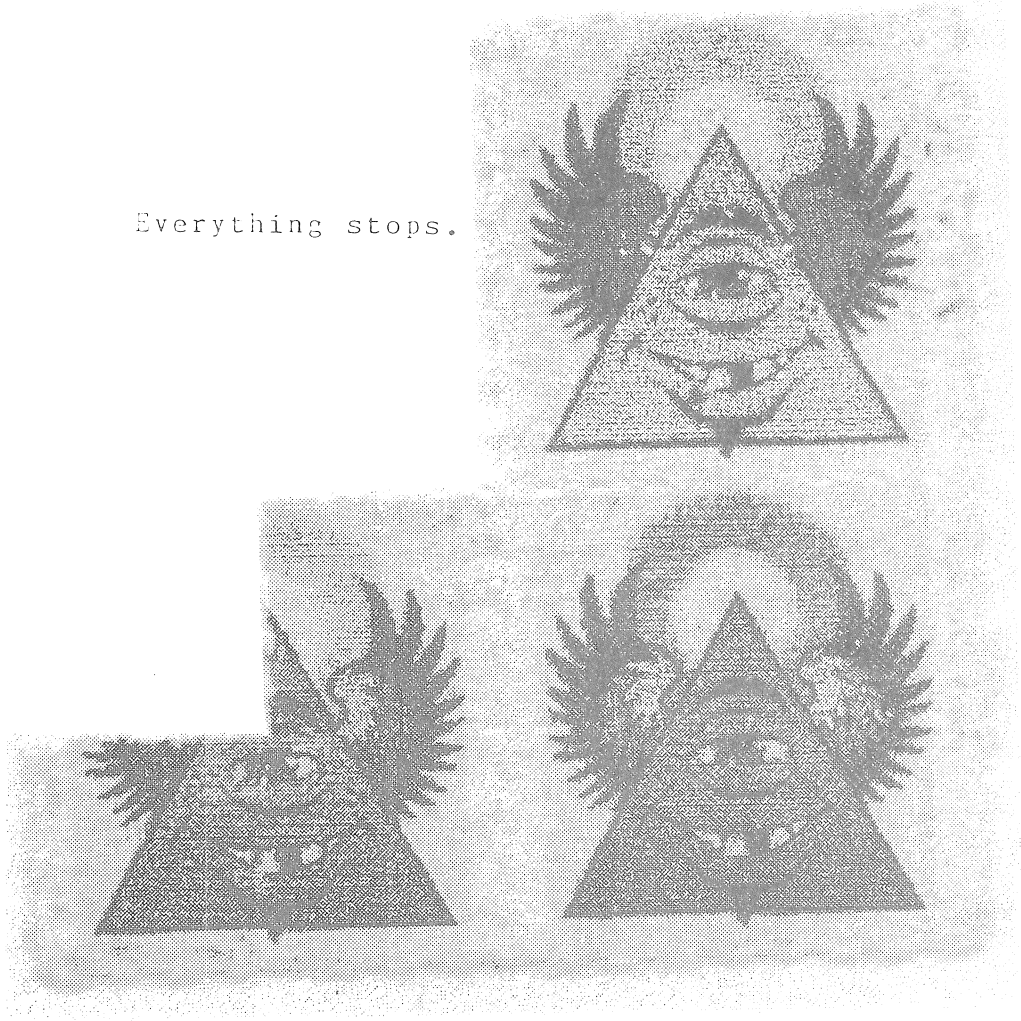
NEXT PUT WATER FOR PASTA ON — (ADD OIL + SALT)
NEXT GET BIG BOWL + LAYER THESE TYPE OF INGREDIENTS (RAW)
ESCHALOTS FINE SLICED
SQUASH
CHIVES WHOLE OR HALVED
1 AVACADO SKIN IN WHOLE
SPINACH about 2 large handfuls FINE SLICED
1 GARLIC FINE SLICED (CLOVES)

SAUCE GET JAR
PUT IN TOMATO PASTE (ABOUT 3/6 tablespoon)
SOUR cream
SEAWEED CHOP FINE COUPLE STICKS (remember expands lots)
½ cup red wine (preferably a nice tannin finish dinotefrourse)
½ cup of more water
SHAKE UNTIL mixed + let seaweed soak.

NEXT Go and drink a beer or wine (turn off permanent if you have to).
NEXT PUT PASTA ON READY OVER COOK (8 min, for al dente)

OVER

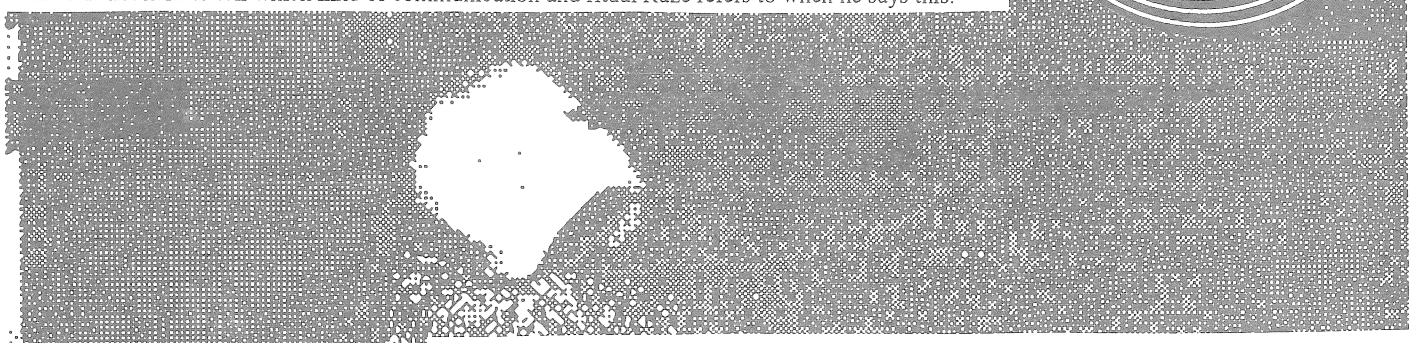
Everything stops.



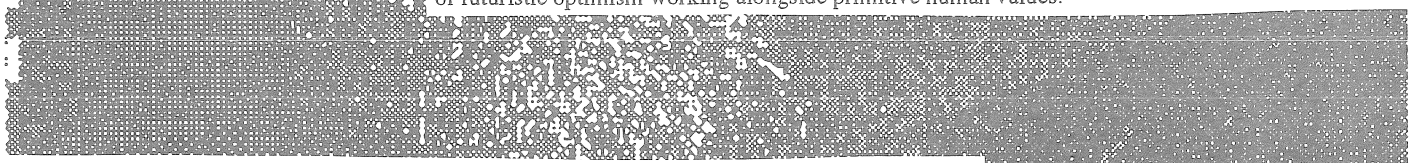
(WHILE PASTA COOKING) POUR IN SAUCE + LET HEAT (PAN)
FINE SLICE 3 BIG GARLIC CLOVES + CHOP
- MIX RAW GARLIC IN SAUCE NOW YOU CAN STIR PAN + SAUCE, HEAT UNTIL HOT OVER BOWL OF INGREDIENTS.
— PASTA IN COLANDER SHAKE UP + DOWN STEAM IN YOUR FACE
↳ PUT ON TOP OF OTHER INGREDIENTS IN BOWL (PASTA TOP LAYER)
GRATE CHEESE (NOT TO MUCH CHEESE BIGK) HANDFUL OR SO
SERVE + HAVE A DAY.
(we ate this with baked sweet potatoes)

Weird Music Society

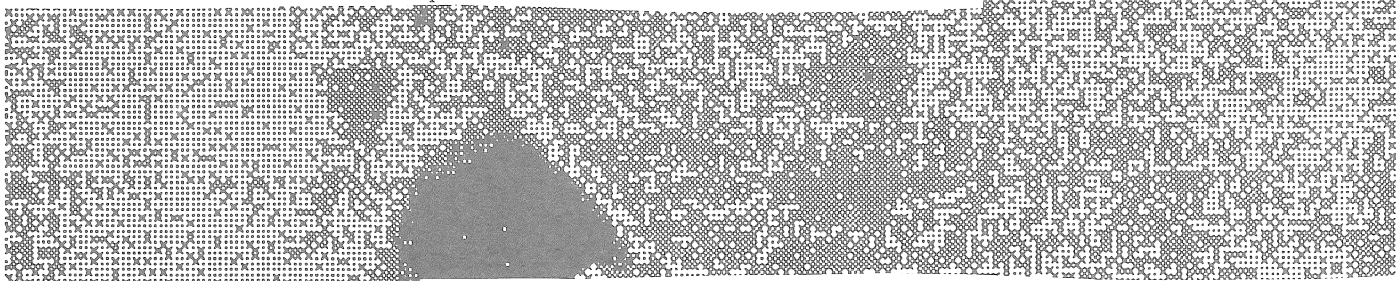
Weird, innovative and open minded are the best words to describe Weird Music Society, Brisbane duo Raze and Matt Halls new psychedelic trance label. Both recognised DJs on the local trance scene, Raze and Matt formed weird music society after noticing that major labels weren't releasing music along the lines of what they or their peers were playing. "I hadn't heard labels putting out really interesting or different music. I wanted to release music that was a bit more abnormal", Matt says rubbing his goatee. Weird music Society was originally Matt's master plan with Raze entering the realm of obscurity to provide the technical ability of administration which Matt needed to pull it off.The result of this fine combination of innovation and technical know-how is a seemingly open ended label with the potential to reach an audience that few labels have catered for in the past. "We are trying to reach anyone who has been involved in the dance scene and is disconcerted with current trends, night clubs and fashion and is more interested in communication and ritual in music and dance culture", Raze says. And it is not hard to tell which kind of communication and ritual Raze refers to when he says this.



The basement in their home at the Gap where they work is a dead give away of their interest in extraterrestrial life forms, peace and future technology. A banner with batik pink space ships zoning down on mushrooms with purple stems hangs from a wooden beam, strategically placed so as not to hide the quilted black ohm symbol sewn onto hippy looking flower material. The natural feel of the room is balanced by a picture of a rocket in launch placed above their extensive computer set-up which holds software for sequencing sounds and accessing the internet. The room lets off a comfortable vibe of futuristic optimism working alongside primitive human values.



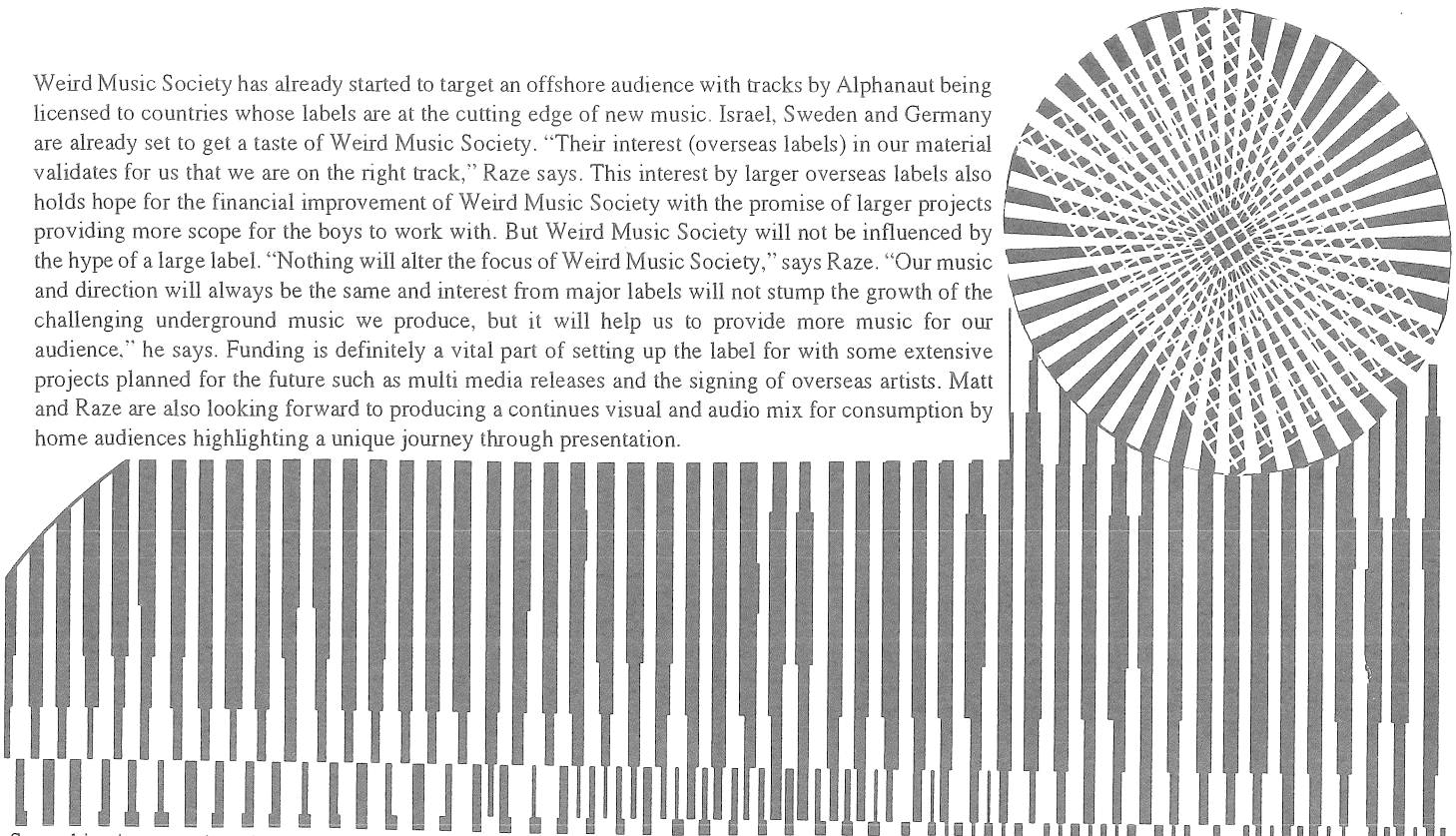
And judging by the line-up for their forthcoming EP *Intrinsic Rhythms of the Brain* Raze and Matt seem to have recreated this same delicate balance for Weird Music Society. Headlining act, Alphanaut is a combination of Matt and local artist Murray (Stormboy) who is known for his wizardry in creating sounds beyond the boundaries of conventional music. Mixed with the obscure work of Nam Shub of Enki, the clean traditional psy-trance sounds of Stuart Manion's Sci-Fly and Peter Elson's blistering psychedelic frequencies he uses as Octogrover the EP as a whole is a tool for setting this unique ambience. An ambience that the local trance community has already taken to with Weird Music Society's first outdoors party, Stomping Monster Doof proving a big success with donations covering a little bit more than the cost, an occurrence quite uncommon at these free events.



But outdoor parties are not all that is on the agenda for Raze and Matt. Plans for a CD launch in Sydney and Brisbane for *Intrinsic Rhythms of the Brain* are well under way. Raze and Matt also see their label as an open avenue for unreleased artists whose styles cant attract the attention of major profit making labels. "Weird Music Society is a vehicle for the release and ratifications of our own and local music which perhaps wouldn't have the attention paid to it by other State or international labels given their schedule and workloads", Raze says above the blips and blops of the obscure trance music which he has chosen to play during the interview. Matt, relaxing back in a deck chair and still fondling his goatee sees it in a simpler light. "Essentially it is about getting the music out to the public", he says.

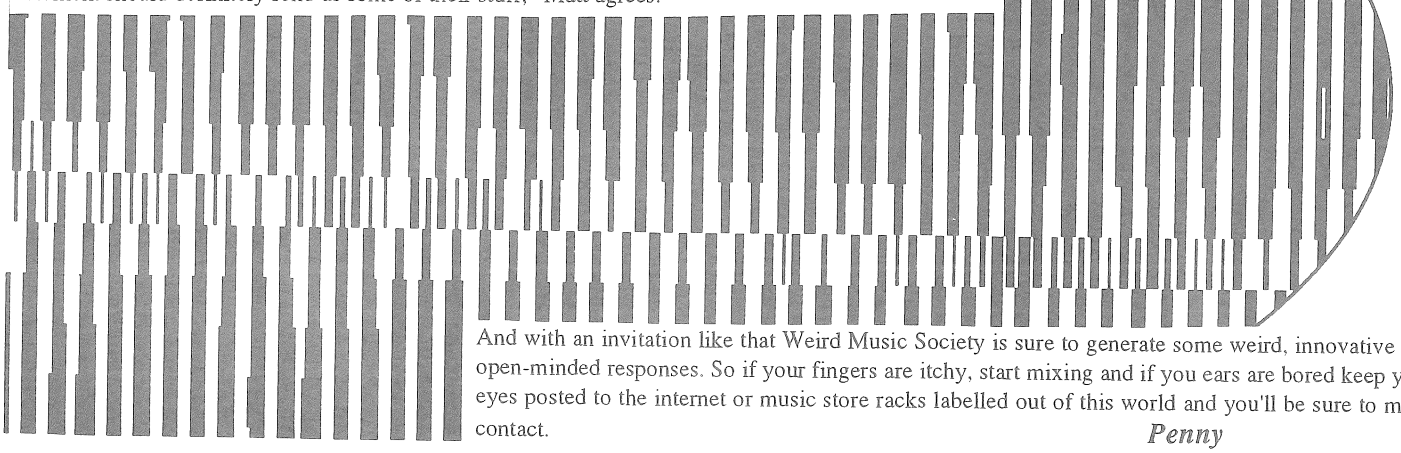
And Raze and Matt have ensured that price is not an obstacle for those wanting to experience the innovative sounds of Weird Music Society. At $10 the EP is cheaper than a 12 inch release. "Unemployed students or otherwise will not see the price as being a stumbling block", Raze says. "We would rather have people take the chance and buy it and have it grow on them than have it left on the shelf and not previewed properly. Hopefully it will bring great pleasure to many thousands of people worldwide.

Weird Music Society has already started to target an offshore audience with tracks by Alphanaut being licensed to countries whose labels are at the cutting edge of new music. Israel, Sweden and Germany are already set to get a taste of Weird Music Society. "Their interest (overseas labels) in our material validates for us that we are on the right track," Raze says. This interest by larger overseas labels also holds hope for the financial improvement of Weird Music Society with the promise of larger projects providing more scope for the boys to work with. But Weird Music Society will not be influenced by the hype of a large label. "Nothing will alter the focus of Weird Music Society," says Raze. "Our music and direction will always be the same and interest from major labels will not stump the growth of the challenging underground music we produce, but it will help us to provide more music for our audience," he says. Funding is definitely a vital part of setting up the label for with some extensive projects planned for the future such as multi media releases and the signing of overseas artists. Matt and Raze are also looking forward to producing a continues visual and audio mix for consumption by home audiences highlighting a unique journey through presentation.



Something interested parties can find out about in the future by accessing the labels Web site, currently being designed by David Parry of Portfolio Communications. The Weird music Society homepage will give information on parties and future releases while also acting as an outlet for distribution. Locally Weird Music society will also be distributed by stockists such as BPM in Brisbane and Sydney and some yet to be defined in Byron Bay and Melbourne. And both Raze and Matt agree that once distribution has occurred there will be a definite impact on the dance scene. "It will have an impact on artists - definitely," Matt says looking over to Raze for a bit more input. "Hopefully it will encourage people who ever thought of writing or already are to continue on with it," Raze says. At least they can know that someone is paying attention and there is an avenue for the release of their music.

And when it comes to the dance scene as a whole, Raze certainly has high ideals. "Music is a very powerful medium for us to feel different emotions and experience different states of consciousness," he says. "I will hope that some tracks in the future would become sound poems of emotion which would be remembered for many years to come." A concept which has already been reached by Weird Music Society's largest influence Psy-Harmonics. Psy Harmonics is the brainchild of Olly Olsen and Andrew Till, role models and friends of Raze and Matt. Their combination of outlook, style and personal character has made them their direct inspiration according to Raze. "Psy Harmonics proved that you could release your own music without the help of a major label and be recognised as a powerful and credible part of the international dance community," Raze says. And credibility does play a large part in enticing the market. One way of maintaining credibility for Weird Music Society is to maintain a high quality of product while avoiding generic labels which tend to dictate the creative flow of artists. "We wish to avoid being bogged down in high quality production and presentation which detracts from raw inspiration and innovation," Raze says. And with Weird Music Society always on the look out for new talent the quality is going to have to be as progressive as the sounds they wish to emit. Raze and Matt are always on the look out for new artists, locally and internationally and are willing to listen to any submission sent to them. "We dont have the finances to attract established artists but encourage overseas and local artists to submit music for release," Raze says. Matt nods his head. "Yeah, anyone who is pushing any sonic boundaries with their music at the moment should definitely send us some of their stuff," Matt agrees.



And with an invitation like that Weird Music Society is sure to generate some weird, innovative and open-minded responses. So if your fingers are itchy, start mixing and if you ears are bored keep your eyes posted to the internet or music store racks labelled out of this world and you'll be sure to make contact.

Penny

For Sale - Help me get to Burning Man !

From: kiaist@singnet.com.sg

CHAOS MAGICK t-shirt (black colour) X L sized (has a 8 ray star chaosphere in white/ red), on the back of the t-shirt has a stunning illustration of CTHULU (as seen on Liber Null) engish IOT version...i wore it about 4 times... it still looks quite new US$20

CHAOS MAGICK 8 ray star chaosphere with skulls stickers (i got this from the german section of the IOT who was selling them, he sold it expensive..although it was just a piece of paper that can peel off and stick) US$5

THE CARDINAL RITES OF CHAOS by Paula Pagani, 1984 minus-MINT condition (published by Sut Anubis, 1st edition 1st May 1985, ltd to 500 copies, mine is numbered as 30 /500) US$30 This is a book of rites from one of the earliest group of magickians, pagans etc from England in the 1960s who became collectively know as CIRCLE OF CHAOS. Contents of the book - Background, The Spring Equinox, The Summer Solstice, The Autumn Equinox, The Winter Solstice. This is probably one of the earlest and slight chaos magick references in print of the early 80s, the rites involves Pan, Eris, Baphomet, Chorozon, but the ritual format is more of a witchcraft flavour with a slight chaos freestyle spirit. The cover is in Red quality paper, large format, has nice illustrations. Make a generous offer for this if u're interested, I only seen it twice being offered the past 8 years.

AXIOMATA & THE WITCHES SABBATH - Austin Osman Spare (Fulgur press) MINT condition mine is EDITION B (has signiture of the two publishers, its a numbered edition XIX of 93 copies, the quality of the book is of the highest standard, printed on Rivoli160gsm paper in A4 format, binding in quarter black vellum with a slipcase, gilded with gold at the sides of the paper, comes with bookmark, coloured reproductions of AOS paintings, and most of the illsutrations not seen anywhere else. When they despatched my copy, they mentioned in a letter that all the delux edition was sold out and mine is one of them. I ordered my book before it was launched for sale in the public. I would sell this book for 100 pounds (US$150), it cost me originally 70 pounds inc p&p costs.

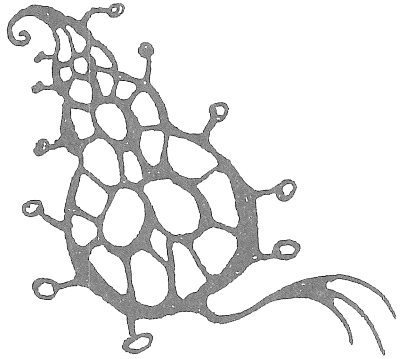
THE ILLUMINODS - Neal Wilgus (Sun books) 261 pages, MINT condition US$30 introduction by Robert Anton Wilson. This by far the single best reference on the Illuminati, chronography of all events from past to present (1683 - 1963), a good resource guide! This book has been out of print for many years ...

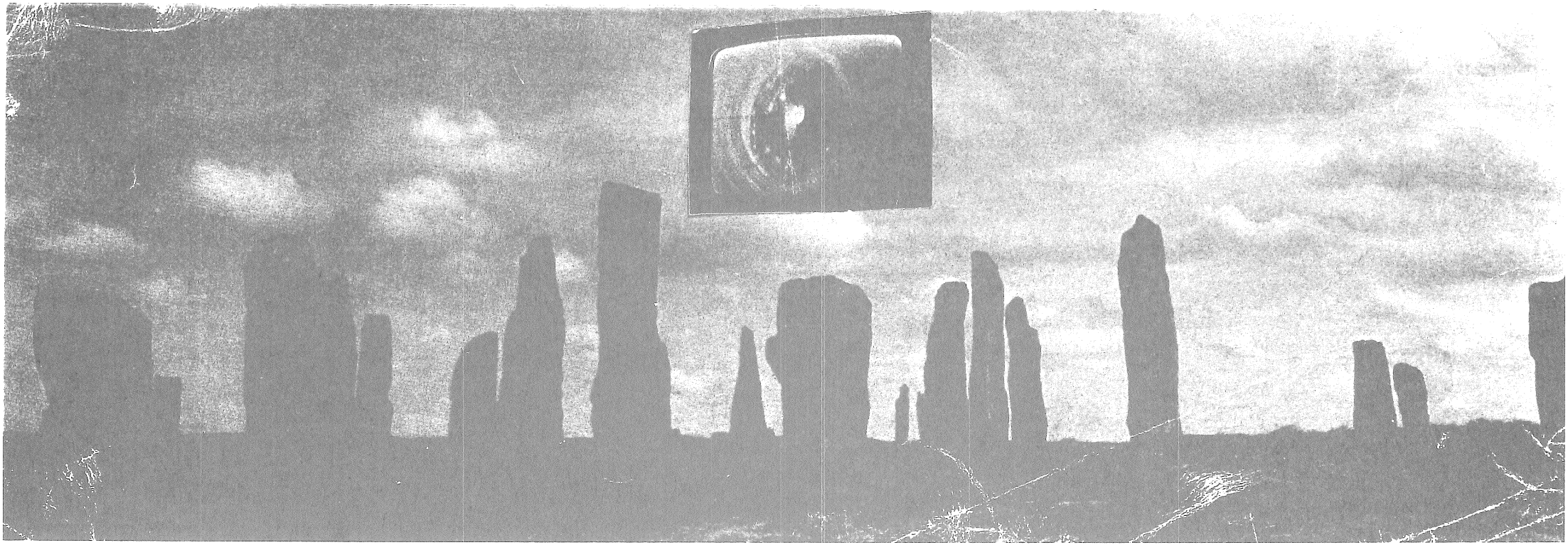
I'm also clearing these following booklets for US$4 each -
YORK RITE OF FREEMASONRY UTAH 1993
GRAND CHAPTER OF MAINE 1992

I have lots of original TEMPLE OF PSYCHICK YOUTH booklets and stuff, and lots of chaos magick articles were featured there. Also a unique embodried TEMPLE OF PSYCHICK YOUTH black t-shirt i can clear.

The Gold of the Tigers by Jorge Luis Borges

Up to the moment of the yellow sunset,
how many times will I have cast my eyes on
the sinewy-bodied tiger of Bengal
toing and froing on its paced-out path
behind the labyrinthine iron bars,
never suspecting them to be a prison.
Afterward, other tigers will appear:
the blazing tiger of Blake, burning bright;
and after that will come other golds -
the amorous gold shower disguising Zeus,
the gold ring which, on every ninth night,
gives light to nine rings more, and these, nine more,
and there is never an end.
All the other overwhelming colours,
in company with the years, kept leaving me,
and now alone remains
the amorphous light, the inextricable shadow
and the gold of the beginning.
O sunsets, O tigers, O wonders
of myth and epic,
O gold more dear to me, gold of your hair
which these hands crave to touch.

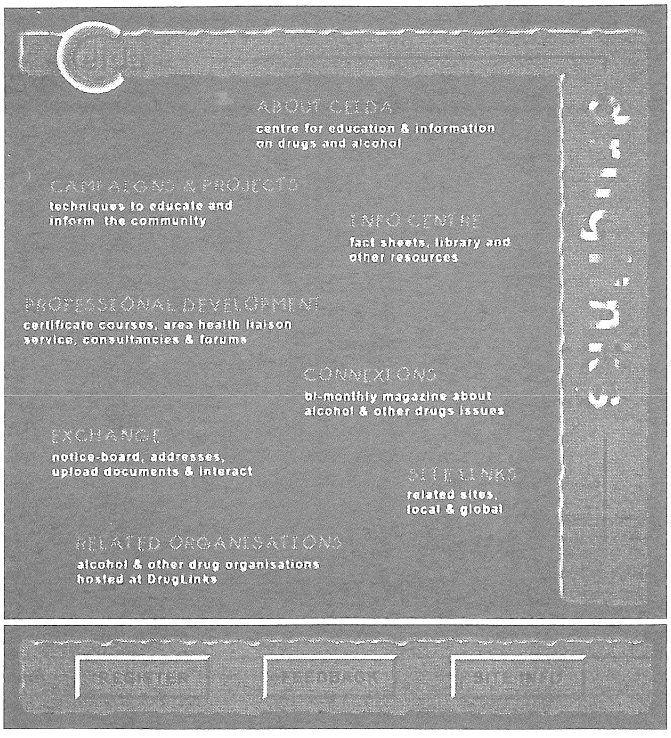




A PACKED BONG NEVER WAITS

Some people seem to wait until a bong is packed and in front of them before beginning some long-winded story. It is Bong Etiquette to pull the bong before any story continues. Packer is within his/her rights to bring the bong to the story-tellers attention. If immediate notice is not taken, packer **MAY** pass the bong to the next person.

xiv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RELATED ORGANISATIONS
alcohol & other drug organisations hosted at DrugLinks

DrugLinks is your connection to the world of alcohol and other drugs information provided by the Centre for Education and Information on Drugs and Alcohol (CEIDA), Australia.

The Centre for Education and Information on Drugs and Alcohol (CEIDA) is working with you to reduce drug-related harm by creating successful partnerships in innovative information exchange and education provision on alcohol, tobacco and other drugs and the related areas of HIV and other blood-borne diseases.

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FREE CATALOG ON REQUEST WITH ORDER

The Adventures of Nat at the Santo Daime Dance

There we were performing in Montje's Children's circus somewhere near Ijmuiden outside fair Amsterdam, when Barbara said to me, you must come to the Santo Daime ritual tonight. What, I said, is a Santo Daime ritual?

RITUAL OF SINGING AND DANCING

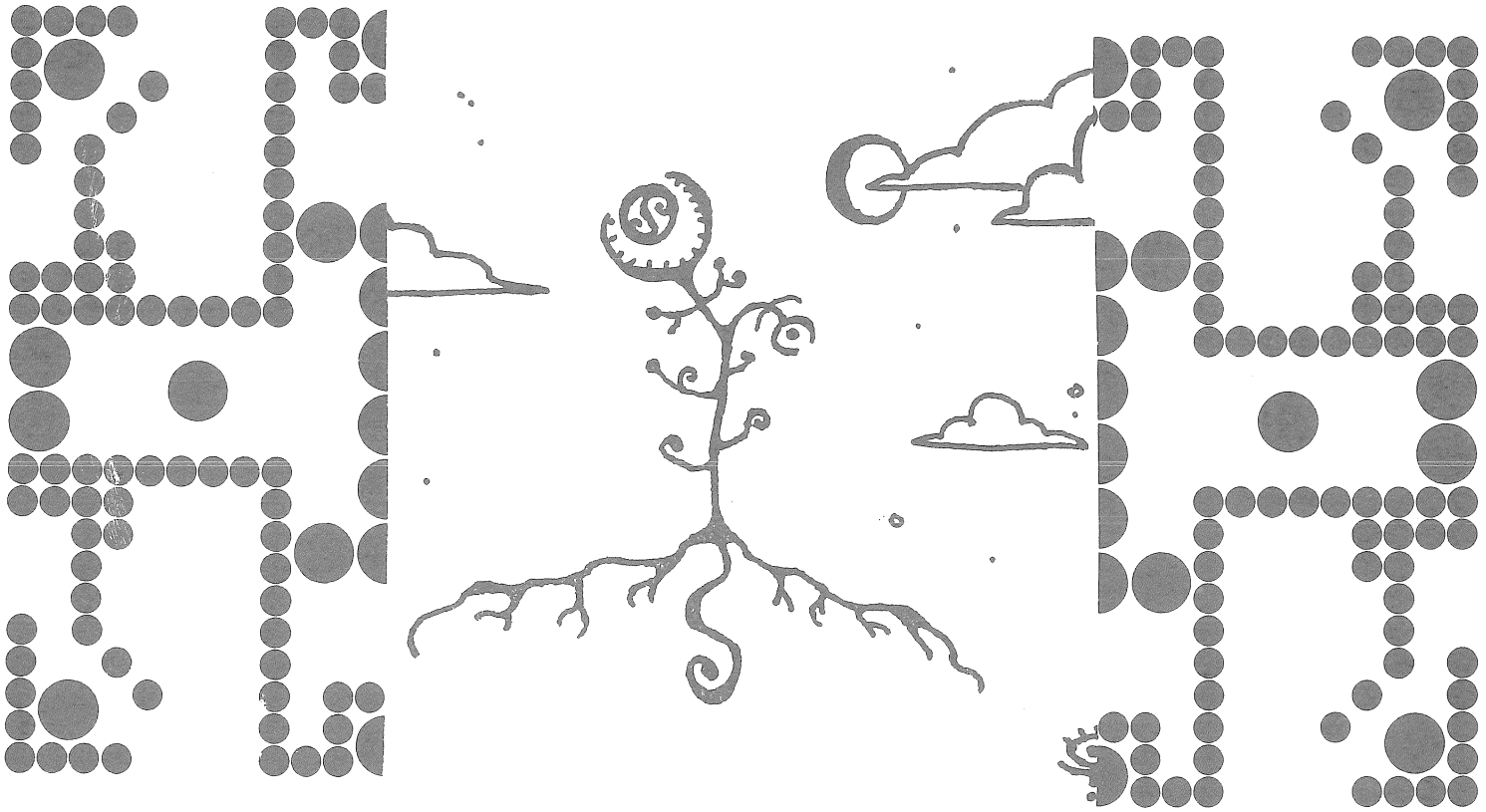
It's a ritual involving sing and dancing, said Barbara, and therefore you should be there. It is true that I like both to sing and to dance.

I SURVEY THE DAIME GATHERING

Outside the church were gathering a collection of true Christians in white shifts with their little white feet bare. Seriousness, clam, and glimmers of expectation could be read in their earnest faces. They did not class themselves as freaks, but as vessels ready to dance the dance of the Lord of the Dance etc. and as serious as any Sunday gathering.

I REVIEW WHAT I KNOW OF DAIME

Was as follows: sing, dance, drink Daime tea, healing ritual. I also recalled mad Frank telling a tale around a table, which it if I recall right was about a daime ritual in this very spot, last year. Something about it making some people sick, about "sheriffs" making you dance, about staggering off himself to be ill. At the time, I stared at him in silent amazement.



FURTHER DETAILS ABOUT DAIME

My goodness, said Bertje, it's true that you must come. It's an ancient cleansing ritual and will do you good. The plant Daime is from Brazil and the ritual was somehow okayed by the Catholic church when they got there, so we'll be going to a Catholic ritual. It's being held at the old church building at the village where you are staying. Wear white. Eat no more food today. And then Bert went off to dance butoh for the children.

OFF TO THE DANCE

So, that afternoon we looked for all white clothes and might strange it was to see crazy Bert peeled of his daily black rags and arrayed in the virgin hue. Barbara arrived like a space woman in Elizabethan frock coat (white) and white thigh high boots. Off we set.

I RECALL I DON'T LIKE VOMITING

Well, I don't.

I MEET A RENOWNED AUTHOR

An immaculate little man stood near me before the church. His goatee, his aron knit sweater, his fingernails all perfect. I never saw such a perfect goatee and eavesdropped, out of goatee fascination. He had a guide and was asking questions about the curious village where we stood, and the history of the church building before us. Informative and polite, I told him embroidered tales, and he commented he was researching the topic of Daime for his next book, some sequel to the Secret Life of Plants.

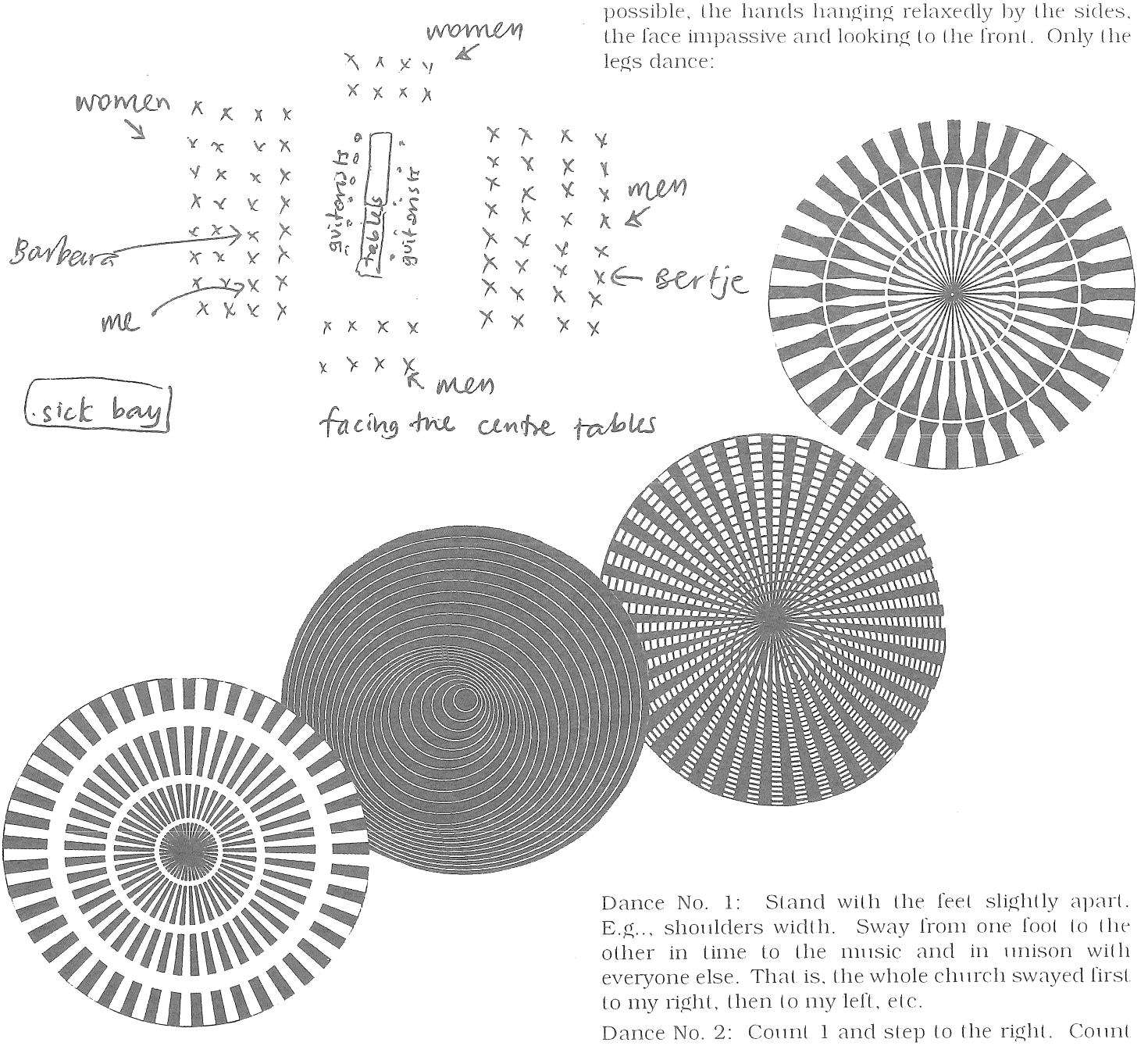
THERE IS A MONETARY FACTOR

Barbara was so convinced that I should be at the dance that she forgot the fact that the one evening of

dance and drugs would cost each participating member $150, and that I was broke. She talked to the organizer.

THE DOORS ARE OPENED

After which there was little conversation. As I knew not what to do , I followed the lead of the friendly matrons around me. In we went (beautiful little church, full of white light, white flowers, white candles) quietly lined up for a drink of Santo Daime tea in a tiny cup. (Tea brewed from the roots of one plant and the leaves of another?) and then were carefully arrayed as shown:



We were all standing facing the centre tables. there were sheriffs. They wore bad navy trousers or skirts and bad shoes and socks like highschoolers and were very very particular about getting us arranged into the perfect lines. They fiddled with our lines for quite awhile as we stood in cooperative silence.

LET THE DANCE BEGIN

There was a cry, the guitars began, the Brazilian shakers began, the first song began, we were off. People sang out of little book sin which the words were printed in Portuguese. From where did they produce these little books? The women near me seemed to have about 5 each. I tried to read over shoulders but it was not practical. A sheriff same and put me back in line. We began to dance.

HOW TO DANCE THE DAIME

There were two kinds of Daime dance performed that night. Both are performed with the body as still as possible, the hands hanging relaxedly by the sides, the face impassive and looking to the front. Only the legs dance:

Dance No. 1: Stand with the feet slightly apart. E.g.., shoulders width. Sway from one foot to the other in time to the music and in unison with everyone else. That is, the whole church swayed first to my right, then to my left, etc.

Dance No. 2: Count 1 and step to the right. Count 2 feet together, still moving to the right. Step right. Count 3&4 (as for 1 & 2) step together. Count 5 & 6 step left, step together. Count 7 & 8 step left. Step together.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A SERIOUS EXPRESSION

There may have been no expressed rule, but all the good people in the room bore the same look of gentle introspection. Except for Bertje over there at the back with his crazy eyes and butoh hands and impish, crazy grin. Angelic for once.

FOR HOW LONG DID YOU DO THE DANCE?

For 8 hours.

AND?

At first, pretentious questioner, I boogied and grooved, as one does. A sheriff approached me and murmured "the less effort you put into dancing, the more trancelike the effect will be." She averted her eyes and moved me with firm calm hands better into line. I hadn't noticed how much I was boogeying until I let it all fall away. Later we all stopped and were instructed to wait till we were given Santa Maria to smoke in small groups. I smoked a good big joint in a quiet group. The girl who handed me the joint had serious deep brown eyes and hair that hung down her back untied. The older women in my group probably met at handcraft meetings. We were given another tiny cupful of Daime to drink. We reformed our lines.

NEW IMPROVED MUSIC

Visually in evidence were still only guitars, those Brazilian ball bearing percussion things, and school camp Christian singing group leaders. But aurally there were trumpets, saxophones, vibes, pianos, violins, violas, solo gospel and scat singers, and hundred voice choirs. Improvised tunes from the background of Bach's head in the later afternoon. We have lift off.

AND AFTER 8 HOURS WERE OVER?

Smiling, we all stopped and wandered in small groups gradually homeward.

AND THE EFFECTS?

Have not worn off yet. Always make a travel story superlative. Also other thoughts about being part of an amazing human consciousness energy machine, clear meditative space etc.

AND THE CONTENT OF THE SONGS?

Simple lyrics such as you sang at church or Sunday School about the joy of uniting in spirit with the Holy Spirit. One hymn contained the word "etheric" or was it "astral"?

AND ANOTHER THING

The songs are sung in a particular way:

Verse 1 Line A
Line B
Line C
Line D

The songs are written down thus, and usually include some 10 verses. Each verse is sung as follows:

Verse 1 Line A
Line B
Line A
Line B
Line C
Line D
Line C
Line D

Verse 1 Line A x 2 . . . Line D x 2

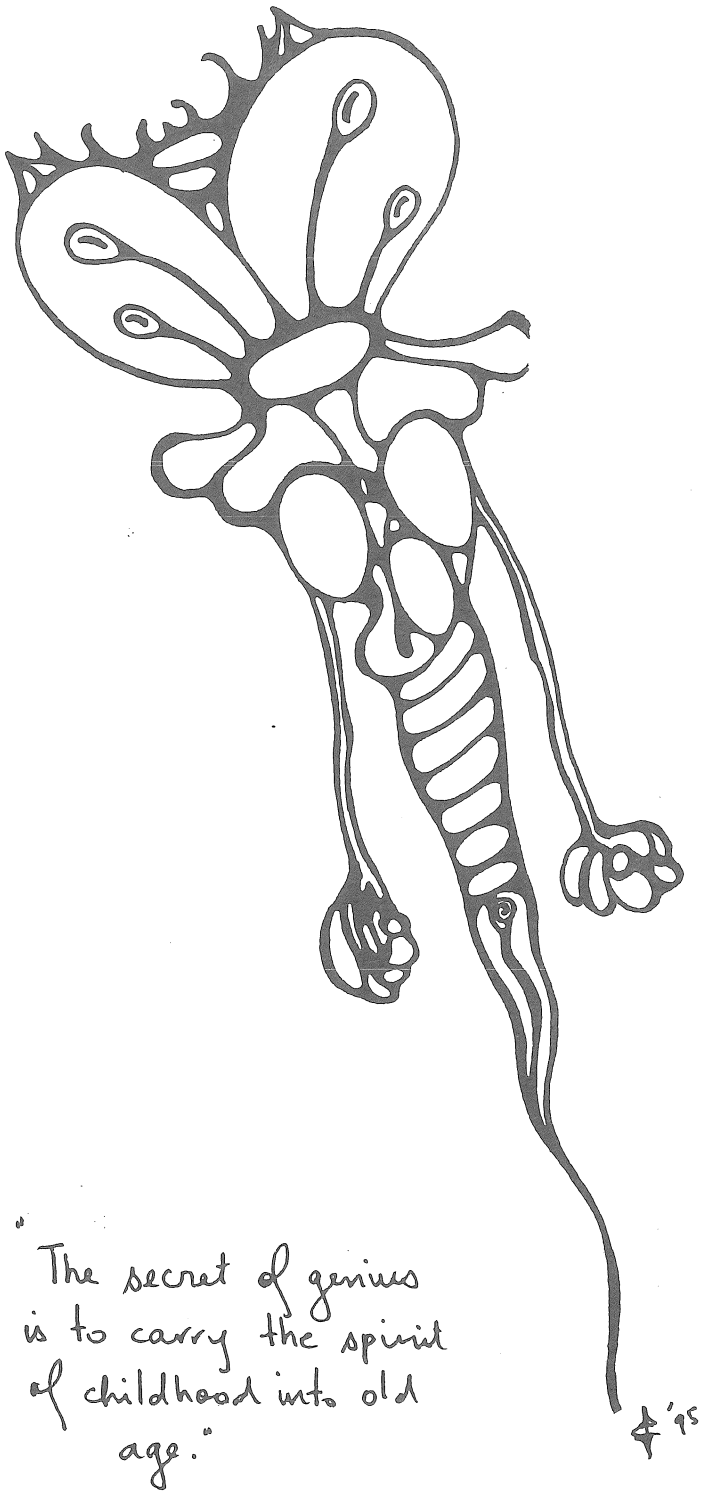
before proceeding to the next verse. After much reflection I concluded this was to make the songs longer and to produce repetition into this area of the ritual, i.e.., as much repetition everywhere as possible. I also have the impression there are only a certain number of tunes. It may be as low as 3 or 4 which covered easily some 50 songs.

IS THAT IT?

Yes. No.

DID YOU NOT VOMIT?

Yes, I did not vomit although I believe people may have for there was a sickness area. One woman lay there on her back for awhile screaming out the furies as the dance went on joyfully around her. Now that's it.



The second time I got past the DMT threshold, there were people waiting to welcome me back holding signs and balloons. This time, I had prepared myself for the journey by indulging in Dr Leary's cure-all some four or five hours before I finally struggled to contain my nervous anticipation at a level where I could get it together well enough to once again suffocate myself in the sick tasting vapour, the flavour of which had haunted me since our first meeting. As I slowly drew from the test-tube in which the small dose was dutifully boiling, I realised that my faithful attendant and flame technician was suddenly wearing a ridiculously wide-brimmed gardening hat which I had not been aware of only seconds earlier, and smoking an enormously huge scoob, which must have been rolled in a newspaper. Encouraged by this delightfully characteristic incongruent information, I allowed the sick tasting steam I had been consuming to consume me, and allowed my primate shell to slump comfortably on the bed while I set off to explore Strange New Realms.

And there they were. Lounging amongst the inevitable jewel-like swirling sillychedelic shapes and colours (such bright, clear colours!), on furniture which hadn't been in the room only moments ago, were a few very well dressed young men and women holding placards and balloons. I didn't bother to read the signs they held, nor the banner that hung above their heads in the background, but it was obvious that they were gathered to welcome me into this wonderful place of colour, light and constant stimulation and engagement. Their neat cardigans and corduroy clothing was belied by the insanely joyful way they giggled as I thanked them :

"It's so wonderful to be here : it's so beautiful to meet you!"

They giggled some more, and waved their balloons around as I completely lost any connection with the physical world where I had so rashly discarded my body.

The room became vast, and full of many similar young people, most behaving even more erratically than my initial welcomers. People were running around, performing acrobatic feats, inducing exciting displays of colour and light, all the while giggling intensely and waving balloons. For the first time in the course of the trip, I remembered my duties as an explorer and clumsily muttered to my attendant (who only days before had suffered a near death experience)

"I am aware of beings .."

Although I felt compelled to meta-comment on everything I experienced as I was experiencing it, and consequently talked my way through the journey describing what was happening around me, my attendant reports that most of what I said from this point on was unrecognisable babbling.

As the behaviour of the beings in this ever-expanding room became wilder and increasingly exuberant, one of the members of the original welcoming committee turned to me and matter-of-factly transmitted the thought :

"Yeah, you can have a lot of fun here : you could spend an eternity here and not get bored : but we've got something more important to discuss"

Then it came to me in a rush of dreadful, thrilling inspiration : these beings were the real aliens! My self-assured rejection of the alien UFO myth was suddenly suffering demands for immediate re-evaluation at the instigation of a small yellow crystal! Knowingly, the extra-terrestrials in yuppie clothing affirmed my suspicions through further telepathic communication, and I was temporarily overwhelmed by the broad philosophical implications of this massive assault on my belief structures. I tried to describe my thoughts out loud, but while I thought I was clearly relating the revelations being given to me, my real-world companion made no sense of my mumblings. As I grappled with the awe inspiring realisation that there *were* other worlds, other beings, other civilisations, I became aware that by not keeping my amazement under control I was wasting my time. The beings around me began to telepathically convey a sense of urgency, and I responded with an agreement that we should discuss whatever important matters they had in mind.

Upon deciding to accept the invitation of a more serious discussion, I was taken from the room (where by now there were yuppies swinging from tree branches, screaming with gleeful madness) to what seemed like the deserted bridge of a spaceship. Although there were no beings (I wasn't even conscious of my own body being present) I continued to receive psychic or telepathic communications from the alien beings I had just met. From here, I received what could only be described as a welcoming induction into the Greater Universe. I cannot remember the details of the welcoming I received, but it was along the lines of :

"You are not alone. Far from it, you and your kind represent just one instance of an infinite pattern of existence which stretches well beyond the dimensions you have recognised so far. There is much for you to learn if you chose to accept our companionship, which can only be mutually beneficial. There is much we can contribute to your existence technologically, philosophically and in terms of your personal and physical well being. We in turn benefit from the joy of welcoming another creator force into our universal community, and feed upon the continual diversification of existence, to which your relationship with us will make a significant contribution."

I struggled with my excitement over the promises for the future, and ecstatic gratitude at being granted access to this wonderful secret. As I grappled with my ideas and emotions, a huge communications interface materialised before me. Where I had previously been enjoying a huge window to the stars, my view of the universe was now obscured by a super-imposed image. It seemed quite obvious to me that I was being contacted by a further set of space beings via this alien communications tool. I was aware of no hardware, only the sight and sound of the insectoid aliens who were now screaming at me, shaking ceremonial weapons and squelching an offensive stream
of high-pitched aggression while their antennas shook and twisted violently. Forgetting why I was doing it, I worked again to describe what was going on. I wisely began to see that, while those beings who had initially welcomed me seemed friendly enough, and while there benevolence may well be genuine, the universe still had some less appealing experiences to offer. Not that I was going to let this get me down.

"It's wonderful to meet you", I said to the infuriated ant-like aliens,
"It's just so beautiful to know you are there."

With these magic words, the frightening scene before me faded, and I think I saw one of the ants stop remonstrating to smile and wave before disappearing into the ether. From this point on, things got pretty intense. I was no longer on the space craft, but was rocketed back and forth from one meeting to the next as the aliens re-iterated the proposed terms of our relationship. By now I had completely forgotten my duty of reporting as much of what I was experiencing as possible. Nonetheless, I continued to describe what I understood to be happening as a means of dealing with the intense power of the event. From here on, I discovered that until I spoke about what I saw, the visions became increasingly intense : colours became more vibrant, images all too sharp, the other beings around me would crowd in and impose upon me until I quickly yelled out a description of what I had observed, the message I had received, whereupon we would all gently move to the next hallucination. I can't remember everything I saw, who I met and where I went, but I know I experienced a few brief episodes such as these that follow :

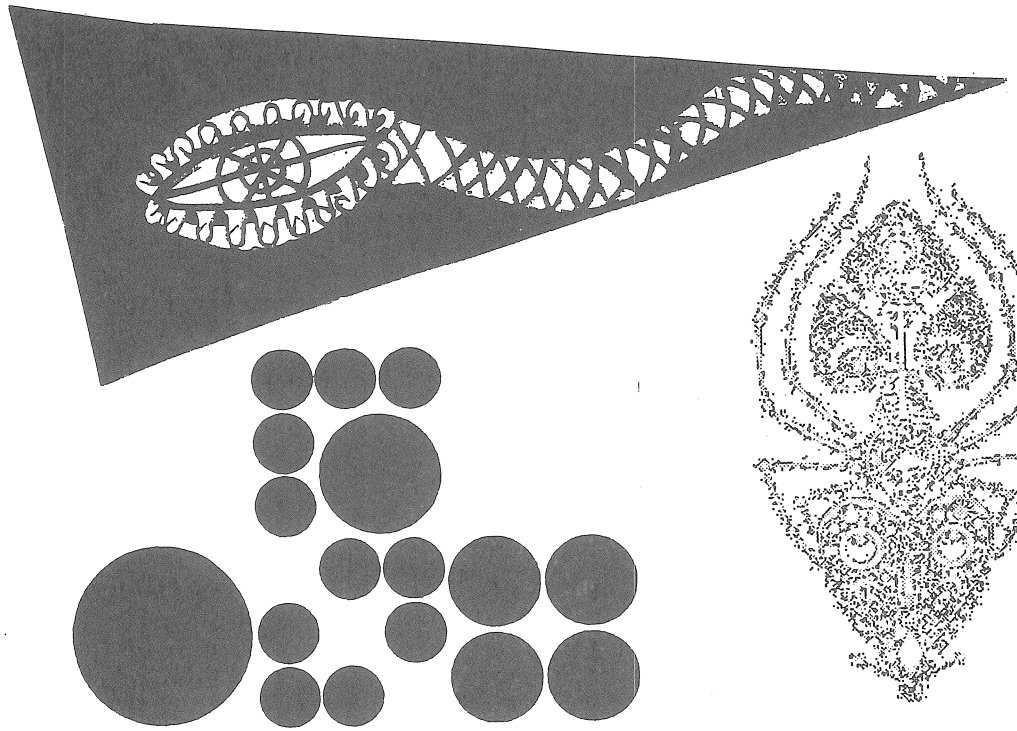
The alien voice wished to reiterate the advantages of our continued relationship. The first I can remember being demonstrated was their superior medical science. I found myself in an alien hospital, surrounded by humanoid alien doctors, all dressed in white and carrying clipboards. They all smiled at me caringly, looked down at their clipboards and ticked imagined check boxes. Their ticking became furious until I spoke :

"You offer to share your superior medical technology"

Having shown my alien teacher that I understood, we moved on to the next vision. I refer to these episodes as visions because, whereas the previous events had been ridiculously real, more real than real, this re-stating of the initial alien welcome was overloading my senses : colours, sounds and smells were more intense and powerful than ever encountered in the dull, colourless, silent world I came from. Colours were so bright and warm I could taste them. My next vision was of insanely happy farming folk, who carried breads, grains and beautiful fruit. They were so clearly abundant in wonderfully healthy food that I had no trouble recognising that this time the aliens were reminding me of their promised assistance in maintaining my personal well being and physical health. I was too amazed by this image to speak for a while, however, and everything got blindingly intense. The alien farmers smiled wider and wider, their fruit shone deeper and warmer and they all crowded in around me, shoving the food at me until I quickly yelled out my understanding of the vision, and we moved on.

After a number of similar visions, I found myself in a cartoon-like sewer. Everything was painted in simple, matt colours which belied the filth and degradation of my surroundings. To one side, a cartoon rat crawled out of a murky puddle of DMT grunge and slime, spluttering and choking on filthy black DMT bile which he spat and vomited as he tried to crawl from the pool of viscous filth. I could taste what the rat was spitting, and it was repulsive. I spent some time here, before I decided the aliens were warning me not to pollute myself with too much of the agent that had eventuated our meeting.
Once I finally got this message, I was briefly allowed back on the deck of the ship to say goodbye to the disembodied alien voice which had shown me so much. Before I knew it, I was back in my room, feeling painfully straight. My body shook for a few minutes, and my mind struggled for a few hours to
re-integrate this unprecedented happening.

I hope this humble account encourages other curious minds to carefully take a look, to spend some time marvelling at the infinite expanses and perhaps propose some interesting ideas about just what's going on in there. Much of my experience has been clouded in my memory by the extreme emotions associated with the journey. There are details I am unsure of, visions I've forgotten, implications I've overlooked and information I've withheld. Worst of all, I have completely failed to convey the power, beauty and undeniable reality of what I found. Further exploration has only left me more amazed, confused, humbled and thankful to the alien voice within. This chemical catalyst is surely intended for those who instinctively welcome that which is strange, new and unknown, for those who will willing dive headfirst into a sea of confusion, and those who are thrilled by every new item evidencing our general state of ignorance. A liberating joy is accessible to those of us who, even momentarily, are led to the ultimately wise suspicion that we haven't even begun to dream the first imaginings of any understanding.



LIBER LABORES LUNIS

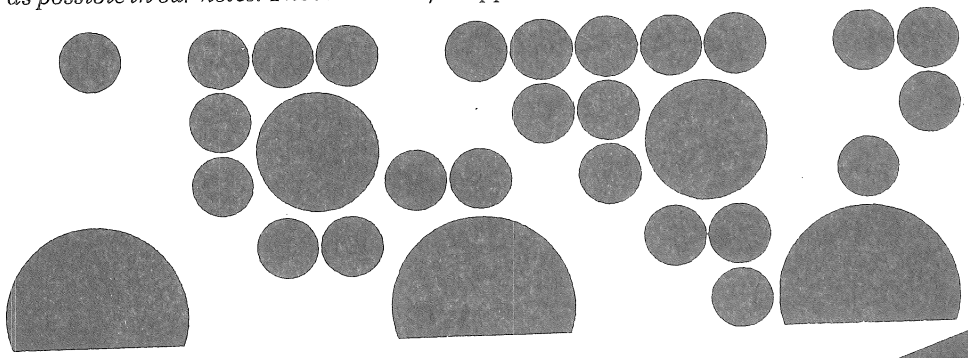
Notes on the Eclipse Ritual

by Soror Lillyth & Tzimon Yliaster

In the summer of 1995, Soror Lillyth discovered a "gate" between path 27/Tower (Netzach → Hod) and path 25/Art (Tiphareth → Yesod). The gateway was discovered during series of magickal workings conducted which were intended to bring these opposing/dualistic energies into a uniting/united manifestation. The result was the discovery of two entities which guarded this gate; Lilith on the Dayside, and Xastur on the Nightside. This realization resulted in the writing of the *Rite of the Spider's Egg with Frater Negative*. Unknown to Soror Lillyth, Tzimon Yliaster had also been conducting a series of Lolotehe workings beginning in September 1993. Lolotehe, like Xastur, is a Goddess manifested as a spider-sphinx. In August 1995 during a magickal gathering in Chicago, a spider ritual was performed based upon Louis Martinier's Spider Ritual and incorporating elements of Tzimon and Soror Lillyth's previous work. In September 1996, aided by a new geographical proximity, Tzimon and Lillyth decided to try to work together and unite these currents. The resultant log of the performance of the ritual is included below.

The Spider is making Herself known. At a time where eclecticism has become dominant in magick, the Spider spins Her web across extremes and boundaries and establishes links and connections which have previously been impossible to achieve. To the Eight-Rayed One we dedicate this work.

Note: Because of the experimental nature of this working, we have tried to be as specific as possible in our notes. The ritual itself is appended in it's original form (see Appendix F).



ECLIPSE WORKING

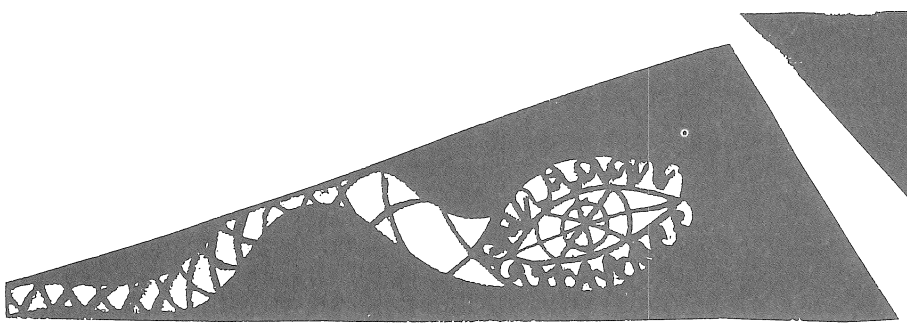
The following is a log of the rites conducted during the time of the lunar eclipse of 9/29/96 by Lillyth and Tzimon Yliaster. Many occult traditions believe that the eclipse is a time at which the veils between the worlds are the thinnest and that the gates between the worlds hang open. It is thus appropriate for the exploration of the 25/27 gate.

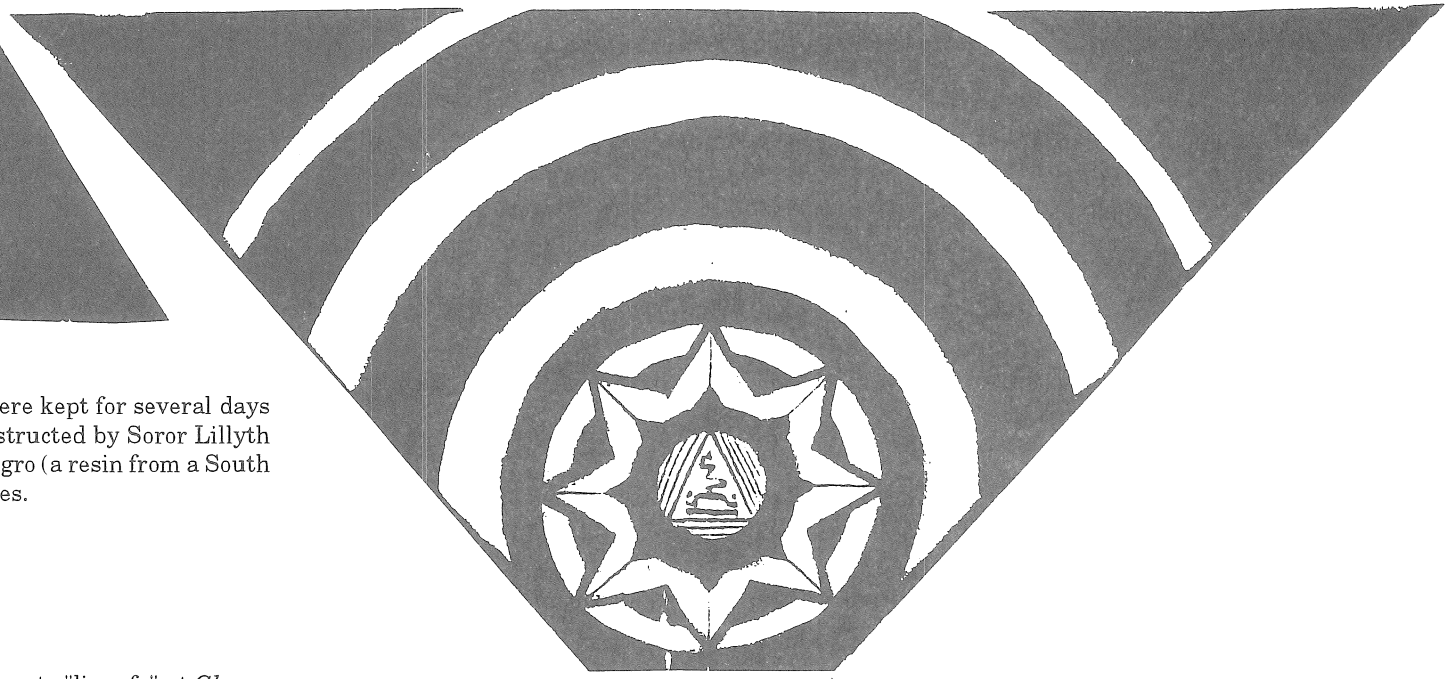
For Lillyth, the intent of the working was the union of the Lilith and Xastur "currents". For Tzimon, the working was a means of bringing the entity Lolotehe[1] through the gate of Neptune/Daath (note: 671=gate, and is also the "holy number" of Neptune's kamea). The planetary square for Neptune is reproduced in Figure 1. Xastur is a spider entity from Simon's *Necronomicon* (see Appendix E). Lolotehe is also a spider-goddess, with her web spanning the interface between manifestation and potential. It has been theorized that this entity (which first revealed itself to Tzimon in September 1993) may be a higher form of Xastur or avatar of Xastur's web, but this speculation has so far been inconclusive.

LUNAR ECLIPSE RITE LOG

Previous to the ritual, Lillyth maintained a three day fast, and Tzimon observed ten days of sexual continence. The ritual tools were consecrated on the night of Sept. 25, the eve _____ of the eclipse. The tools to be created consisted of sigil-paint and a chalice.

1. See Appendix A, *Liber Lolotehe*



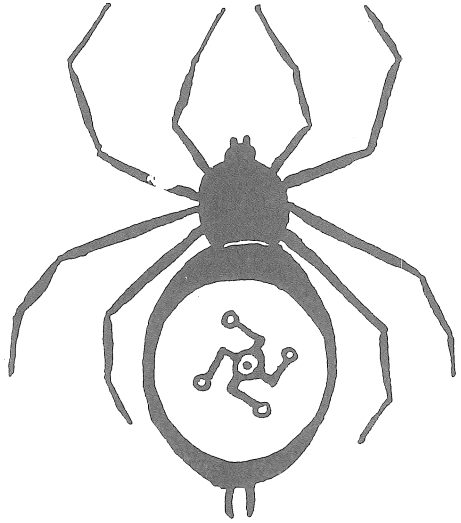


PREPARATION OF SIGIL-PAINT

The components (with the exception of the hand-cream base) were kept for several days beforehand upon a voudon-style altar dedicated to Xastur, constructed by Soror Lillyth in her home. These ingredients consisted of rose petals, copal negro (a resin from a South American evergreen tree), and two tarantulas of different species.

1. Drew and charged sigils of intent upon rose petals.
2. Emptied tube of hand-cream into a blender.
3. Added rose petals.
4. Added a quantity of copal negro.
5. Added tarantulas.
6. Opened a Vortex (see Appendix D) on the blender, switching on to "liquefy" at *Choyo-faque*.
7. Blended thoroughly until a smooth consistency was reached.
8. Put paint in container and cleaned out blender, disposing of remnants properly.

The resultant ointment was stored in an airtight plastic container and kept cold until use.



PREPARATION OF CHALICE

A brass chalice was used for this working. The bowl of the cup was graven without with two Lolotehe vevers[2], and the base was graven with the marks of the participants (see Figure 4). On the eve of the eclipse, a Vortex was opened within the vagina of the Priestess, the emanation therefrom being used to consecrate the chalice.

DAY OF RITUAL

The site selected for the rite was Big Basin Redwoods, about 20 miles north of Santa Cruz, California. Participants arrived at the camp site at approximately 4:30 PM. They began setting up the camp for the night, finishing at approximately 5:00. As they set up, they played ritual drumming music and danced, sometimes into a light trance, and sometimes until running out of breath. It was treated as a time of celebration. They soon realized that they would be unable to see the actual eclipse because of trees blocking the view, but this was not considered a problem in terms of the rites. At 7:00 PM, they moved to another location in an attempt to see the eclipse, but it was still too light. Participants took a few minutes for a final review of the ritual; both felt very anxious about the events to transpire, as they had been for several weeks preceding. The ritual was begun at 7:30 PM.

RITES

1. Lillyth opened the circle by making an offering to Legba on the East, outside the circle.
2. Tzimon cleared the working area with a banishing rite (the Gnostic Thunderbolt).
3. Lillyth invoked her temple (Appendix C).
4. Lillyth drew the between-corners vevers and consecrated them with rum and cigar smoke. She then placed pomegranates and candles inside each (see Figure 3).

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2. See Figure 2

5. Tzimon drew two Lolotehe vevers in the center of the area. Their conjoined central circles served as the magickal circle in which the workings were conducted.

6. Tzimon opened a Vortex in center of circle, seeding it with the words "*Xiqual Lolotehe*."

7. Both sat in the Vortex and raised energy by kissing. Each participant took half of the rum from the chalice and exchanged it from mouth to mouth.

8. Participants sat in the circle and drew sigils on each other's bodies with the sigil-paint. Tzimon drew the Lolotehe-vever on Lillyth's chest, a yoni-triangle on her throat, between-corner vevers on her thighs, and lightning bolts on her shoulders. Lillyth drew the Lolotehe vever upon Tzimon's chest as well as lightening bolts on his legs, head, and arms.

RITE OF THE SPIDER'S EGG[1]

Phase I (Yesod → Daath):

The Priestess left the circle and evoked Lilith through VIII°[2], chant, and visualization. Soror Lillyth visualized Lilith as she usually manifests to her in a demonic Typhonian form, with snakes crawling out of her vagina, and various insects pouring out of her mouth. Lilith was drawn to the aspirant by the buildup of sexual tension, crawling on the ground around Dayside and between his thighs, biting and licking at his legs. At the point of orgasm, Lilith, in an astral vampiric mode, orally received Tzimon's seed-energy. Tzimon (representing the obverse, "Dayside" of the Tree) fell into a trance-paralysis from the sudden withdrawal of vital force by the succubus, and became Negative. This is the path 27 (Tower of Silence). At the onset of paralysis, Tzimon laid down in the death posture (as per Austin Spare). His muscles became rigid, to the point of being unable to blink or scratch at the intense irritation caused by the sigil-paint. Lilith now laid down next to him. The name *Lilith* is used intentionally here; Tzimon noticed a change in Lillyth's appearance. Her normally dark skin became very white and her features very angular. Her eyes were almond shaped and very black, and her tongue had a pointed shape. Her movements also changed, becoming more fluid and less in time to the music being played.

Phase II:

The passing of Dayside energy into Lilith's vortex begins a process of transformation. She becomes Xastur, Spider-goddess of the Daath-Yesod Nightside gate. As the transformation of the Goddess (=25) occurs, so does the seed-energy of the "victim" transmute within Her, in an alchemical process. It has been distilled into the kalas (=52) of the Nightside. Xastur concentrates this transmuted energy into a dark Egg (=252). This is the Path 25 (Art/VITRIOL).

The visualization of Lilith was so horrifying that maintaining concentration on the nature of the ritual as well as the transmutation of the Egg was beginning to be difficult. As the transformation from Lilith to Xastur began, the concentration was gained once again, and the vision of Lilith faded to reveal a spidery one, rather than the demonic creature of previous. This admixture and transformation felt complete and absolute by the time the Egg was actually delivered in the following Phase.

Phase III (Daath → Yesod):

A reversal of the action of Phase I. Xastur moves the Egg towards her Gate via VIII°. At climax, she releases the Egg into the mouth of the entranced Dayside, who is thereby resurrected as a Master of the Knowledge of the Dark Dream of Lilith/Xastur/Lolotehe. This is the resolving of the Hod-Netzach (Parfaxitas/Tower) and Yesod-Tiphareth (Saksaksalim/Art) crossroads that leads downwards from Yesod to the Black Sun of Nightside Tiphareth. The signal given for the release of the egg was the utterance of *Choyofaque* by Lillyth. Tzimon had the impression of the egg lodging ultimately in his ribcage, between the fifth and sixth ribs on the right side.

Lillyth here left the circle as Tzimon recited an invocation of Lolotehe (see *Liber Lolotehe*). The vortices were left open all night in order to observe continuing results magickal. The participants' campsite was mercilessly attacked by raccoons. Tzimon later came to take this as a sign that he should practice *pashupati* (beast-friendship, a practice related to ancient Shivaism) with these animals, wherein the goal would be acceptance by them.

AFTERMATH

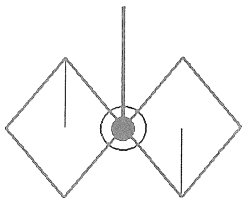
The sigil-paint caused a rash on Tzimon's skin for approximately three weeks, most notably on the palms of his hands and his chest. Tzimon noticed that the rash moved and appeared at seemingly random times and places on his body. On the day the rash subsided, he had a dream in which millions of tiny spiders emerged from his mouth. This was accompanied on waking by a very sharp pain deep in his chest, roughly in the spot where he had earlier felt the Egg lodge.

From the time of the ritual through the time of this writing, further contact with Lolotehe ceased. No further transmissions have yet been received, despite three attempts at contact.

Figure 1: Planetary Square of Neptune

117	46	107	36	97	26	87	16	77	6	56
57	118	47	108	37	98	27	88	17	67	7
8	58	119	48	109	38	99	28	78	18	68
69	9	59	120	49	110	39	89	29	79	19
20	70	10	60	121	50	100	40	90	30	80
81	21	71	11	61	111	51	101	41	91	31
32	82	22	72	1	62	112	52	102	42	92
93	33	83	12	73	2	63	113	53	103	43
44	94	23	84	13	74	3	64	114	54	104
105	34	95	24	85	14	75	4	65	115	55
45	106	35	96	25	86	15	76	5	66	116

Figure 2: Lolotehe Vever



1. This working was initially authored in August 1995 by Frater Negative and Lillyth; revisions were made for this particular application. See Appendix F for the rite in its original form.
2. See Kenneth Grant, *Nightside of Eden*

Figure 3: Ritual Area

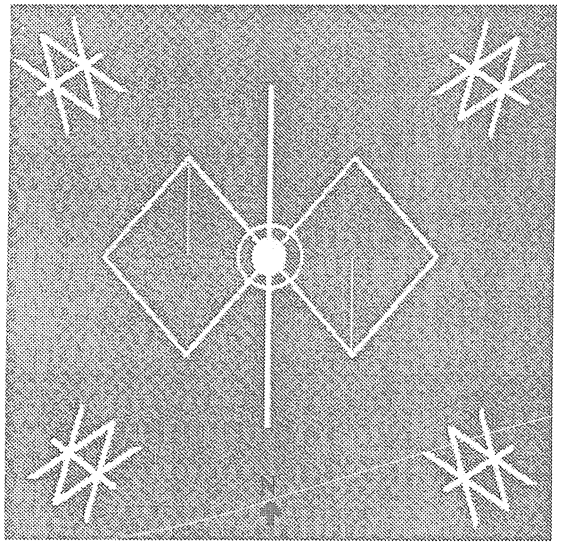
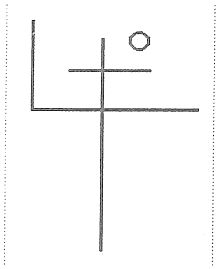
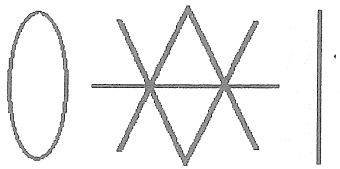


Figure 4: Participants' marks



Tzimon's Mark



Lillyth's Mark

APPENDIX A

LIBER LOLOTEHE

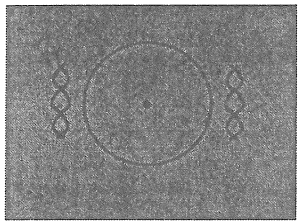
Prologue & Invocation

From out of the darkness and out of the light I call you, come
From within myself and without myself I call you, come
From a place that is not a place to a place that is not a place I call you, come
From a time that is not a time to a time that is not a time I call you, come
I offer myself that you offer yourself
Lady of the Endless Web, World-Weaver
I have nothing that is not yours
Eight-Legged, Fly-Consuming
Embodiment of the Octave
With our laughter we banish the distance
Nor can time pass
Nor do events occur
This is the center of the horizon
With our laughter we banish the signs
Nor can there be guards
Nor may sphinxes bar the gate
This is the horizon's center
I have bound us with our blood and sweet perfume
With my left hand I touch the World of Light
And with my right the Sphere of Darkness
My feet stand upon Alpha and Omega
From my heart springs a squared cross
My head is thrust in the space between
Here is Our Lady of the Endless Web, her web touching the face of an Abyss. On the one side all things are dispersed, and on the other, manifested. The Web itself is infinite in every direction, changing beyond the borders. This is paradox, and it is in this paradox that all things find a unification upon the Web. The Web is the collection of the Intersection of Possibilities. Where the threads embrace, a Thing is created. Where it is sundered, No-Thing.

The Last Dream

I am entangled, entrapped in something.
I can't even struggle, I'm so tightly woven in.
My mind is also enmeshed, and reels with every sensation describable.
None of it makes sense; I will go mad, I will lose myself.
Light and dark flicker, first one and then the other, in every gradation, brilliant flashes and pitch blackness, randomly.
Out of this confusion resolves Lolotehe;
She is black and red, her hair bristles, she has five eyes like gems.
Her six arms move furiously, weaving and rending the web between her hands before her eight breasts.
Her body blends woman and spider seamlessly.

She is in constant motion; she seems part of the web, but moves freely.
I focus on her and find myself again, I anchor my mind to her.
From the web she weaves a sigil, from the formlessness a glyph.
This is the First Sigil:

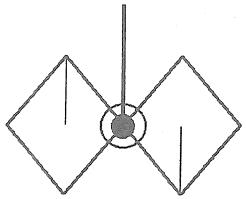


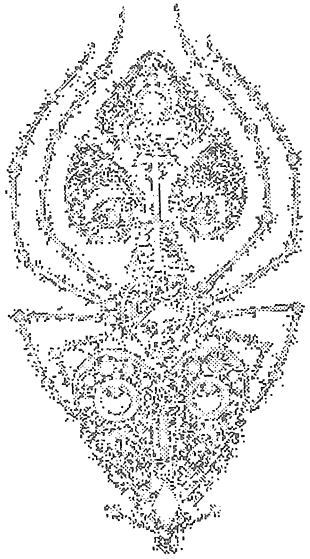
I don't understand this sigil.
It's an empty sign to me, meaning nothing.
I have seen it; that is enough.
I awaken.
The dream stays with me throughout the day; the sigil seems burned into my mind. I can't forget it even as I write a letter to someone I've never met before. I've found a rare book he wrote years ago, and I want to ask him about it. I want to make it available again; it was so good, I want to give it away.

Two days go by; I get a reply from the author. He gives his permission to republish the book and wants nothing in return. He has drawn the first sigil on his reply, in black ink. His letter resembles a work of art, with drawings and a card reading "Join the Chinese Army". This makes no sense to me. Perhaps that's the point.

The Web

"The meaning of this is unimportant," she tells me,
"It is a mark, a sign.
It need not signify anything for now.
You are awake, that's enough.
All that is needed are eyes and hands;
there is dream and there is action.
When they both are,
with this all things are possible."
"Look, here is my web."
And then I see the web, I see what it is.
It is this:



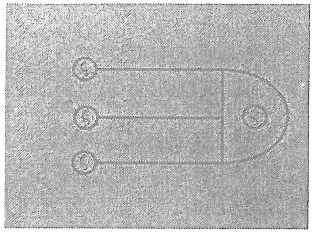


This is the unit, the block.
It is replicated before my eyes a million million times.
The node is the access, around it all things revolve.
This is the most manifested.
Each node is connected by its path to another;
The path is the least manifested.
Where the angles touch, another node is formed,
but these are a different manifestation.
That is, they are that which comes closer to the nodes,
and thus they are manifested in relation to the nodes, have less potential than the paths.
The partial path within are that which awaits unity with the node, it is not fully manifested.
Each node is surrounded by a sphere, like a jewel, transparent and gem-like.
This is the horizon, all that can be known from the node;
it is through this globe the node sees the manifested.
The globes all touch one another.
Their compounding so creates a glittering haze,
so that the nodes can be seen as a gray smudge.
All the nodes are like flies, buzzing within the spheres,
disconnected yet bound together.
Through their haze they glimpse each other,
but there is a distortion, and this creates the paths.
Within them and without each unit is nothing, neither black nor white.
"Touch my web and the strings all bend."
I pluck up a thread and many units move;
the spheres slide around each other, and all the paths and diamonds rearrange.
She weave as I do, adding threads and rending threads.
I strain to see a pattern and can't; still the weaving is.
"To create motion, a place apart is required,
a place of leverage, a place to stand.
All who would use this must first learn to stand upon nothing.
No ground can support them.
To move my web, one must first stand away from it.
The place is paradox, where there are paths but not nodes,
which is also within the diamonds.
Wakefulness is all;
as I never cease my weaving,
none cease theirs.
The weaver is the web. how, then, shall my web weave itself?
Yet I do weave, as do you.
I tell you that you must accept the life of the impossible before you can affect what might be, and you must affect what might be before you can touch what it.
I see ants and men all devoid of intellect, empty of mind.
They move the web by simple rules; like robots stacking cordwood they go.
Globe touches globe after globe,
but the nodes are always separated.

Thus they weave, unaware of paths and diamonds,
with threads bent as consequence but not as effect;
there is no intention of bending them.
"Remember all this when the Dark releases you;
It is your place-holder.
The node insures return."

Caution

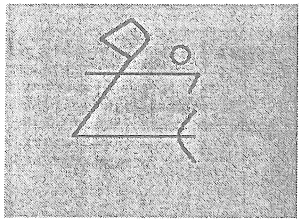
You will come before those who say that they are guards.
They are wrong though they believe themselves.
A word or sign will dispel them from your choice.
Mark these nodes well in your memory;
as my weaving goes on, theirs will be sundered,
and others may sunder it as well.
You will find they that say to beware my children;
they but see their own slight reflection from within their own sphere.
I have no children save what I weave,
and even these I don't tend.
There are no guards, likewise, but those reflected by others.
These guards are the web, and the web is being woven.
They are limited, as are all nodes, experiencing as they do but one thing at a time.
Upon the web their influence is nothing, as is yours;
but they can't step from it, or they will fall forever and burn like comets.
Here is the sign of dispelling:



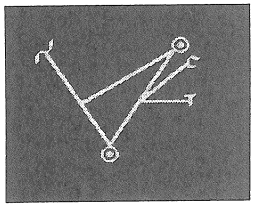
Place this sign on nothing woven unless to unweave it.
It increases potential and unmakes the manifest.
Never touch yourself with it upon the web, or there will be no returning to the node.
The is the sign of entrance into nothing, into betweeness.
I raise that which is beneath above, and even then tear it back down.
If you blink, you'll miss the change.
The color that your eye gives is real, but potential.
Nothing is not, and what is not is only so for lack of potential to become, which is nothing of itself, and devours itself forever.
It can't affect my web, but do not think that nothing is nothing.
Nothing is that which awaits, but does so without attributes.
It is neither with a thing, nor separated from it.

Prey

Five nights go by;
I have failed somehow, I think.
Nothing has manifested upon the face of Darkness.
On this night there comes a change,
but it isn't Lolotehe I see, she remains quite hidden.
In her stead there is a cone of brown and green, inverted, and fringed
at the top with a beard of yellow.
In the beards middle is a circle of bright green.
In the center of the circle a cross within a square.
At the center of the cross, a sow-bug.
From this view, all prey is manifested, and thus this prey has power when sought.
Let it come to you; do not go to it.
The sow-bug is consuming, eating from the cone.
Know prey from predator. By their smell you'll know them.
I know that by virtue of contact with this flower, the sow-bug is tainted.
It has made itself into poison.
The Spider will not eat it.
But it also moves on, when it has had enough of this flower.
It will lose its venom and become fit as food again.
Though it comes to you, beware poisonous gifts.
Though it offers itself, do not take it without forethought.
Wait awhile and see, know its scent, and then devour as you will.
Predator decoyed by prey is prey; thus do all things fall, and in no other way.
You may offer your throat to the deer, or offer your throat to the wolf,
but first know the difference!
See the signs of its being and let yourself not be deceived,
lest a deer rip your life from you, or a wolf disdain the sacrifice.
I wonder over this and don't understand.
Now she appears on the Darkness.
There is one who gave you poison when you consumed from his flesh.
Even now you struggle to rid yourself of it.
While its in you, you cant be either hunter or sacrifice.
While tainted, you consume only from yourself.
When the venom has been flushed from you, then you may be consumed
And being devoured, take to yourself a better meat.
Devour much now, but digest none of it,
that you rid yourself of the stinging insect within you.
Draw this daily and send it to the assassin:

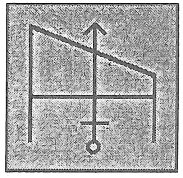


And when the toxin is purged,
Then I'll come and give the next key.
Purgation
To find the purgative, look within. The anti-venom and the poison are one in name!
Rather I would touch my tongue to hot metal than to lose this toxin!
I create the sigil, I send the sigil.
For nine nights repeating, and the bloodlet vents this venom.
Much ceases; there is quiet.
I conjure upon the face of darkness, the razor slides between.
"See you now the nature of this?
There is mother and there is father;
In your two eyes, there is no One!
One is apostasy; arise from that veil!
Only in the reflection of my own five eyes can it be perceived, and it is called Kethal."
And here she gathered up from her Web, and it made a figure thusly:



"There is no paradox here; here is the Final State. Would you gouge your own five eyes in favor of two?
The two are as nothing; far more is unmanifested.
You are dissolved, in that you can't see through the lens.
With your own hand you must smash it; that which was before, which is, and which will be shall enter then in abundance.
You can manipulate only what you see, and you see only the two and the none!
Learn touch, that you might see that which surrounds you always.
I am neither of substance nor of idea; I will resolve."
I reach out my hand, but she is gone.
I think on this, but don't know if anything has transpired.
I see fourteen nodes that become one that splits into hundreds, too many to number.
In my eyes is a brilliant violet color, like a fire.
A smell of metal and smoke awakens me again.

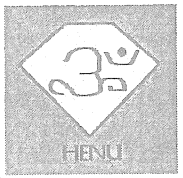
All Is In Flight



Come and kiss me, and presently I will bite your head off.
Is there a thing to fear?
Is there death for your eye?
Nothing is as nothing was, it is not.
Are you not nothing?
Where are your thumbs? Your wrists? Your arms?
There is nothing
These things are as negations.
Beyond division, what then? Unity?
Despise crowned digits!
What good counting voids?
What good prey that cannot nourish you?
Far better are the filthiest of hermits.
Raise the dogs on high, and let them tread the back of the Seraph!
Raise the dogs on high, deck them out in garlands of silver skulls, bejewel them and let them run free!
Three heads kissing were as One,
Two heads split the rivers,
One city spreads upon the land.
Nothing.
This was the imparting of motion; This the impetus - Life! Death! Birth!
I am birth and all fertility!
Take to yourself a life of lives.
Take them into darkness - Move! Weave! Devour!
There are no guards watching this.
You are free, but bound for now.
This is a time of servitude, like a sled-dog.
Let them advance!
Shrug off this thing that you may bend the web freely -
Have I not shown you the purgative?
Have their limbs not been enshrouded?
When you were so alive, did you oversleep? Did you but dream into morning?
What of reality?
Ha! Reality is an urn, and emptiness of oblong shape -
Let your prey be potential.
Let it be felt by the limbs.
Let it be seen by the eye.
Let it be touched by the hand.
Let it be scented by the perfumes.
Let it be pounced upon.
Let it be devoured!
It came to you in the form of squares.
The angles of my Web - what are they?
Think! Do not dismiss these shallow pools.
Breadth compensates depth -
My web, thinner than paper, is infinite!

All is nothing.
Wear the garland of skulls -
String your heads and wear them proudly.
Mine is the string that loops them to a band.
The nodes are their own.
Yours are the heads of the garland.
This is a token - move them in two directions, and manifestation, birth, the volcano of black ecstasy.
Move them in four and destroy; unweave!
What difference?
Strangle thyself on garlands of gold,
Vomit forth garlands of silver.
What difference?
There is no One, there are no Two -
Dream is life! They move themselves -
This fire - what of it?
My Web - what is that?
All things are in flight -
What is more loathsome than What Was?
The cesspool of history cries "Blood! Blood!"
Loose the dogs upon the web and the apes into the void.
You have touched more nodes -
What of it?
Away! Away! Away!
The flight being endless is fixed herein.
You have no choice but to flee,
Until three eyes open.

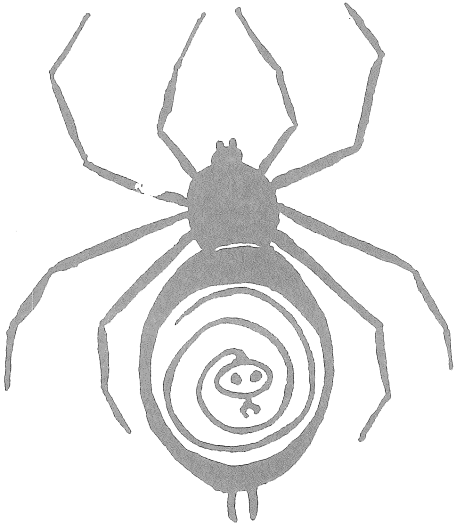
HENU



I have shown you now a door.
A roaring lion stepped from the pillar to invert -
I see it in the omkara at the center.
A great fear has gripped me - I am trembling, shaking.
This is a glyph unlike others; mark it well.
My Web is like grass upon the mountain,
the caverns of which are the passages of Yes.
I have consecrated her with blood and lust.
There is a relaxing, but I can see the darkness pulsing,
rushing backward and forward before my two eyes.
The very earth reflects it then.
I behold a jeweled 7.
Here is the station of this roaring lion.
Here is that which shakes the earth.
All of this is nothing, but I feel hot breath on my neck,
a bristling of the hairs on my neck.
Open the door! Yes!
Something is outside - it restores with destruction.
Here is an angle of desolation.
Here the Web unweaves and redness streams through,
yet the door is yellow.
The doubled man, my champion that mounts from beneath!
There is a scent of roses and a taste of blood.
I can feel within me a knot,
like an egg or an orange.
The marker is within you. You can't lose it.
The marker is the lie of the dead ones. They are not,
as I am not, and you are neither.
Set this gateway open, hold it with a wedge hard as stone.
That which has hung lifeless shines like the Sun.
I can feel the earth shaking and scratching at the door.
I fear the unknown here,
at the angle at which I am standing.
My web moves with me, as the marker moves with you.
Do not delay, but make sure of your footing.
At the foot of the tower is the doubled man.
Devour him at once, or lose him to the dogs at your heels.
My hand is full of red dust, and I awaken.
I feel that I can't persist. I have gone mad.

Xastur's Web of Disaster

Sister of Lilit in stolen night seed.
Sister of bondage in deed.
Queen of spiders - Queen of webs
Killer of flies - Feaster of eyes.
Dark spinning - work from work
Deed to deed - Xastur's web
is spun in need- Cum unto me
with visions of
Self bondage.
~ The Gates of Lilit



APPENDIX B

The Names of the Outer Planets

The Outer Planets - Uranus, Neptune, and Pluto/Charon - were discovered and named after the planets of classical astrology. Much conjecture has been written as to their roles. Based upon their locations and behavior, however, I propose the following:

Uranus

The planet currently known vulgarly as Uranus should be more properly known as Baphomet. As Baphomet is classically represented as the culmination of the knowledge of the things of the Earth, so does Uranus' orbit as the enclosure of that of the other planets represent it as the container of the manifestation of the *sephiroth* those planets represent. This would also suggest the sphere *Malkuth* as the sephiroth which participates in the nature of all of the other sephiroth.

Neptune

Neptune would be more appropriately called Ouranos, as it is the horizon of the planets that are naturally part of the solar system. It is the interface between the solar system and the gulf of interstellar space, in the same way that Daath is the interface between the obverse and reverse sides of the Tree. Choronzon/Shugal passes through that gateway in the same way that Pluto/Charon passed periodically through the orbit of Neptune. This planet is most properly ascribed to Daath; its very ordering in the solar system is determined by external factors.

Pluto/Charon

Dwelling far out into space is a dual system; Pluto was discovered in 1930, and Charon not until 1978. Charon is more than one-quarter the size of Pluto, much larger in proportion than any moon elsewhere in the solar system. The chemical compositions of the two bodies are very different, one being methane and the other largely water. The most likely theory put forth by scientists as to the origin of these bodies is that they are actually larger planetesimals captured by the theorized OORT or de Kuyper planetesimal belts, these in turn being composed of chunks of matter left over from the process which created the planets from its primal solar matter mixed with bits of interstellar debris.

The orbit of Pluto/Charon around the sun is far off the ecliptic plane upon which the other planets orbit, and is so elliptical that it intersects that of Neptune for 20 years of it's two-and-one-half centuries long period. This is reminiscent of the manifestation and demanifestation of the "pylon" of Choronzon/Shugal as it passes back and forth through Daath. It would be interesting to observe how the order of the two bodies intersecting Neptune's orbit affected history (if at all), but due to the recency of Charon's discovery, I have so far not been able to find this information.

So, Uranus equates to Baphomet/Malkuth, Neptune to Daath, and Pluto/Charon to Choronzon/Shugal. While Kenneth Grant equates Daath to Uranus, I think that this system better accommodates all four of these bodies and is ultimately in agreement with the ideas of the Abyss, Daath, and Choronzon Shugal put forth by Grant and Michael Bertiaux in *Cults of the Shadow*, etc.

APPENDIX C

Invocation of Lillyth's Temple

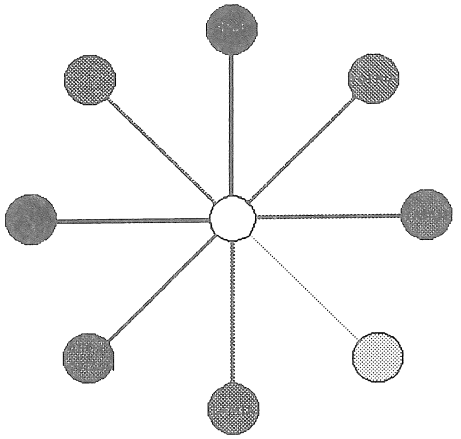
Objective:

This ritual serves as an invocation of all the archetypes in my pantheon. Unlike a banishing, it does not "get rid" of unwanted entities, but overwhelms and saturates the ritual area with working energies.

Pre-amble:

The temple is set up in six different "active" directions, and two "inactive" ones. The active directions are the ones that are called to presence in the temple. The inactive directions are similar to subconscious forces within the magician. These can be replaced by different entities and names each time the ritual is performed according to the series of workings in which one is engaged.

Here is the basic attribution of the directions:



W-Kali
N-Xastur
E-Typhon
S-Lilith

Above-Sophia
Below-Choronzon
NE - XXX
SW - XXX

Ritual:

For each of the directions, vibrate the associated deity's name while making the sign of the circle and the cross. Visualize the entities surrounded by a sphere of the appropriate color.

DIRECTION	COLOR	DEITY
To the West	Black	KALI
To the North	Light red	XASTUR
To the East	Silver	TYPHON
To the South	Blue	LILITH
Above	Light Purple	SOPHIA
Below	Light Brown	CHORONZON

There is no need to do the NE and the SW directions, as these are "inactive" on the conscious level, and only operate subconsciously.

APPENDIX D

The Vortex as Performed by Tzimon

1. Stand up.
2. Take a few deep breaths. Relax.
3. Stomp your left foot on the floor and cry out *Hut* (meaning "start").
4. Extend both index fingers and bring them together in front of you. Say *Xiqual udinbak*, which means roughly "manifest chaos". Visualize a point of light at your fingertips.
5. Separate the fingers so that you draw a vertical line before you. Say *Xiqual uzarfe, d'kyeng*. This means, roughly, "manifest aethyr, Planck's constant". Aethyr is buzzing with potential, Planck's constant is the principle of contraction. Visualize the astrological symbol for Saturn at the top of the vertical line, and the Greek Ψ at the bottom.
6. Bring the index fingers back together, but keep visualizing the lines and the symbols at either end.
7. Draw a line with the fingertips perpendicular to the one previous, saying *Xiqual kudex, eacht* (roughly, manifest light and darkness) as you do so. At either end of the line, visualize respectively a sphere of white and a sphere of black.
8. Repeat step 6.
9. Draw another line at a 45° angle to the first pair. Say *Xiqual ashara, dijow* (manifest fire/energy and air/time). Visualize the appropriate alchemical triangles at the opposite ends of this line.
10. Repeat step 6.
11. Draw a fourth line perpendicular to the one in 9., with the phrase *Xiqual thaldoma, nobo* (roughly, water/space and earth/mass). Visualize the appropriate alchemical triangles at either end of the line.
12. Fully visualize all of the lines and symbols. Don't try to control color; just let it come.
13. Say *Xiqual ongothawas* (manifest the vortex), and make a gesture with your left hand which suggests setting a wheel spinning.
14. Focus on your breath. Use each inhalation and exhalation to accelerate the whirling of the vortex, and continue doing so until the vortex appears 3-dimensional, as if you could thrust your arm into it.
15. Shout out *Xiqual choyofaque* (manifest the work of chaos), or, if so inclined, some other phrase.

Closure of the Vortex

1. Point the index finger of your left hand at it and query *Pohuth* (how?), then your middle finger and ask *Angbix* (why?), and finally your thumb with the question *Wokac* (what?). These are the three basic questions of materialism/science, spirituality/religion, and magick, respectively, per Peter Carroll's aeonic theories.
2. Visualize the triangle formed by the three outstretched fingers. Turn it counterclockwise to de-energize the vortex. Shout *Aepalizage* (immanentize the Eschaton).

Various people have found useful variations on this working. This is only how I myself do it. I find that using a tone of voice matched to the intent of the working(s) to follow the vortex works best for me. Another person I've worked with draws the lines in different planes, rather than as four lines on a flat surface. In any case, the basic symbolism is a mimicry of the process by which the universe itself manifested.

APPENDIX E

Xastur

And XASTUR is a foul demoness who slays Men in their Sleep, and devours that which she will. And of her no more may be said, for it is unlawful; but know that the worshippers of TIAMAT know her well, and that she is beloved of the Ancient Ones.

And know further that the legions of these Evil Ones are uncountable and stretcheth forth on all sides, and into all places, though they cannot be seen, except at certain times and to certain persons. And these times are as said before, and the persons unknown, for who can know XASTUR? ~~The Necronomicon.

I have always considered Xastur to be Lilith's sister. She is the guardian of the Gate on the Nightside.

APPENDIX F

Rite of the Spider's Egg (Original Form)

[notes revised 15 August 1995 e.v. by Fr. Negative and Sr. Lillyth]

OBJECT: Exploration of the implied pathway between the Dayside and Nightside Trees by way of the "gate" of resonance between Daath and Yesod. The transference and transmutation of consciousness-energy from one "side" of the Tree to the other and back again via the gate located at the intersection of the tunnels of Parfaxitas (=450) and Saksaksalim (=300).

Two participants, one the Dayside "victim/sacrifice", the other the Nightside Lilith-succubus/Xastur-Spider Goddess.

Phase I: (Yesod → Daath): Dayside evokes Lilith through VIII°, chant, and visualization. Lilith is slowly drawn to the aspirant by the buildup of sexual tension. At the point of orgasm, Lilith orally receives the seed-energy of the victim, in an astral vampiric mode. Dayside falls into a trance-paralysis from the sudden withdrawal of vital force by the succubus, and becomes Negative. This is the path 27 (Tower of Silence).

Phase II: The passing of Dayside energy into Lilith's vortex begins a process of transformation. She becomes Xastur, Spider-goddess of the Daath-Yesod Nightside gate.

As the transformation of the Goddess (=25) occurs, so does the seed-energy of the "victim" transmute within Her, in an alchemical process. It has been distilled into the kalas (=52) of the Nightside. Xastur concentrates this transmuted energy into a dark Egg (=252). This is the Path 25 (Art/VITRIOL).

Phase III: (Daath → Yesod) A reenactment in reverse of Phase I. Xastur moves the Egg towards her Gate via VIII°. At climax, she releases the kala-egg into the mouth of the entranced "victim", who is "resurrected" thereby as a Master of the Knowledge of the Dark Dream of Lilith/Xastur. This is the resolving of the Hod-Netzach (Parfaxitas/Tower) and Yesod-Tiphareth (Saksaksalim/Art) crossroads that leads downwards from Yesod to the Black Sun of Nightside Tiphareth.

GREETINGS FROM YOUR PROSTRATE BROTHER

Some musings from the ankle high perspective.

Have a look at a speculative but well founded brief on the use of psychoactive substances by an 850 year old (now extinct) culture that produced the finest black on white pottery to be found in North America.

The Entheogenic Tradition Of The Mogollon Mimbres Culture

All prehistoric American cultures appear to have had entheogenic traditions involving the use of psychoactive plants and other trance inducing mechanisms for spiritual, healing and recreational needs. These traditions continue today in the existing primitive cultures of North, Central and South America as well as in many assimilated cultures such as those of some North American aboriginal tribes.

The archaeological record is spotty and little note has been made of these traditions for prehistoric cultures. Evidence for the use of datura and native tobaccos is present for most of the Southwestern US prehistoric cultures including Mogollon, Anasazi, and Sinagua. A wooden ceremonial staff, common to the Anasazi and Mogollon cultures (ca. C.E. 1000), is clearly depicted on many Mimbres bowls. Its shape and ceramic context suggest the use of imported psilocybian mushrooms from Mesoamerica. The availability of this trade item, as dried specimens in the Mogollon area, is consistent with other well known imported items from Mesoamerica for that period such as copper bells, shell ornaments and macaws. Motifs that mark the visual field under the influence of psychoactive substances correlate well with many Mimbres geometric and figurative pottery decorations to support the proposition of a datura, tobacco and mushroom based entheogenic tradition.

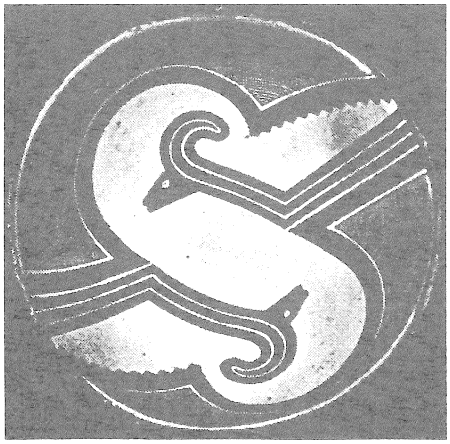
MOGOLLON MIMBRES CERAMIC ART

A sampler (from existing web resources) of Mogollon (muggy - own) Mimbres Classic (C.E. 1000 - 1130) Black on White ceramic art is provided here in a series of reasonably sized annotated images.

The Mimbres culture was relatively isolated in southwestern New Mexico and eastern Arizona. It reached its zenith about C.E. 1050 in the Mimbres river valley 20 miles east of Silver City, New Mexico. Resource stress (sound familiar?) caused by overpopulation, drought and pressure (perhaps) from the emerging Chichimec Casas Grande power base, 100 miles to the south, put them out of business by 1130 C.E. They appear to have been a peaceful bunch with regular contact with other contemporaneous Southwestern cultures (Anasazi, Mogollon Tularosa, Hohokam and the Chichimec trading cultures). They had a well developed shamanistic tradition (with heavy Mesoamerican influences if not origins) and probably regularly gobbled all the entheogens (principally *Daturas*, *Nicotianas*, and *Amanitas* locally) they could find or procure in trade. Several imported items (peyote, *psilocybes* and the LSA containing *Ipomeas*) were surely also available.

Approximately 10,000 bowls have been unearthed and easily that many remain buried in hundreds of small ruins located where ever water was regularly found. All the very large ruins (100-300 rooms), except one, have been destroyed by the professionals in the late '20s and early '30s and by the amateur and commercial pot hunters since then. In 1989, New Mexico legislated the prohibition of disturbance of an unmarked human grave (much to the disgust of the private land owner) to halt the recovery of this wonderful art. The delicate issue of trespass on Native American ancestors (no group of Native Americans can unequivocally trace their roots to the Mimbres) was the excuse with preservation of the cultural asset the motive.

The pottery survived because it was a Mimbres custom to bury their deceased beneath the floor of a house along with one or more bowls. Usually the bottom of the bowl was punched out ("killed") before it was placed over the head or face of the corpse. The bowl (courtesy UNM Maxwell Museum) shown below is an extraordinary example of an unkilled intact ceramic that was recovered during a salvage operation in the '70s at the despoiled Mattocks ruin.



Ancient Art of the Mogollon Mimbres Culture
Classic B/W Bowl - Mattocks Ruin

ca. 1100 C.E.

See the following two books for a discussion of Mimbres ceramic art.

Brody, J. J. 1977. *Mimbres Painted Pottery*. School of American Research, Santa Fe and the University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque.

Brody, J. J. and Scott, Catherine J. and LeBlanc, Steven A. 1983. *Mimbres Pottery, Ancient Art of the American Southwest*. The American Federation of Arts and Hudson Hills Press, New York.

WARNING

YOUR LIFE IS NOT REAL !

Life - *real* life - is the coupling of intelligent awareness of one's surroundings with an indomitable curiosity regarding the universe in which we are immersed. Much thought has been devoted to identifying this magical essence of life which distinguishes cognitive human existence from the purely phenomenal world. It is therefore with considerable alarm that some observers detect profound evidence suggesting that human life itself has fallen victim to the same mindless and complacent nature which has permitted an array of evil crimes against the natural world. Real life is symptomised by celebration of existence, mystical and scientific understandings of the fundamental components of living and creative and communal self expression. Are these symptoms evident in your life?

Way back in history, before "civilisation" as we suffer it, *real* human beings continually celebrated their lives. Today, it appears that many of us can manage little more than a begrudging acceptance of the uninspiring hand dealt to us. Whereas *real* humans once sang out loud as they performed their daily routines, praising the elements and the natural world, the only music accompanying the modern human routines are the hum of machines and the alienating voice of commercialised entertainment.

Whereas *real* humans once constructed religions and mysticism which glorified the natural world around them, modern man has constructed religions and mysticisms which serve little purpose beyond constricting him with fear, discouraging exploration of the object of his mystery. *Real* humans were close to their food sources, and understood implicitly the nature of their drugs, whereas modern man places faith in commercial entities who sell unrecognisable substances, far removed from their natural origins (if ever such origins existed). Our sexuality has been hijacked by the dollar, so that whereas *real* humans enjoyed sex in all its glory, for modern man there is no escaping the commercialisation of this intrinsic component of his Self. Our obsession with the material world has even convinced us to disregard the non-immediate realms of our consciousness and imagination, as once made known to *real* humans through their dreams.

While *real* humans lived with a sense of their place in the world, we are infinitely aware that our societies have not fitted in neatly with the rest of the world, as evidenced by the continuing destruction of our environments. Any human who looks for a meaningful place in this meaningless "community" will be surely frustrated.

Real humans once painted, sang, constructed, danced and beat drums. Any such individual efforts are highly discouraged by the commercial entities which have taken over communal creative expression. Any individual who successfully defies these entities is either bought (in this un-real world, every man has his price) or eliminated and cloned. The institutions making money from so-called entertainment encourage us to sit back and watch them assume the tasks of creativity which once gave real humans both joy and meaning.

If you despair at failing to identify the symptoms listed above in your own un-real life, do not give up all hope : many observers believe that it is possible to revive life in anyone still breathing, by encouraging them to imitate these same fundamental symptoms. Act now : if you rarely celebrate your own existence, are removed from the fundamentals of your own life and have little sense of where you or the human race fits in to the universe, if you surrendered your capacities for creative self expression to MTV, your life is not real.

IGNORE ALL PREVIOUS INSTRUCTIONS

YOU **MUST** ACCEPT RESPONSIBILITY FOR YOUR LIFE IMMEDIATELY!

BEGIN THINK*ING FOR YOURSELF* ***NOW!***

Date: Fri, 16 Aug 1996 19:03:41 +1000
From: INNER GORILLA <gorilla@suba.com>
To: agarton@peg.apc.org, Kath Williamson <bigk@cs.uq.oz.au>,
    Emma_Cooper@mcintosh.com.au
Subject: get in touch with your INNER GORILLA

If you rilly must know, the true secret of the Metaprogrammers Handbook(TM) is the chapter on Getting In Touch With Your INNER GORILLA. This is the section directly after What To Do In Case Of Nervous Breakdown and before Choosing The Right Mutual Fund For YOU. THE INNER GORILLA routinely fistfights your Inner Child and beats the stuffing right out of it. THE INNER GORILLA takes no prisoners, has no shame, smells somewhat funky, and most of all, is a big furry bundle of WUV.

Do not fear THE INNER GORILLA. Wuv THE INNER GORILLA.

forget about your ANIMA and ANIMUS. new and improved relations with your INNER GORILLA fights germs and helps you to remember past lives as political prisoners. THE INNER GORILLA is the smash hit of every party. Get smashed with your INNER GORILLA! You must fight for your right to your INNER GORILLA!

RAWR!! says THE INNER GORILLA.

simply follow easy disassembly destructions for eons of fun and excitement for your whole dysfunctional family. These destructions can be found on pages 94-107 of your Metaprogrammers Handbook -- the very same pages which your INNER GORILLA ate for breakfast! Fie upon these Pop-Tarts of hatred and despair, says THE INNER GORILLA, munching on the only destruction manual you will ever have needed. THE INNER GORILLA can turn water into Slurpees. THE INNER GORILLA will revitalize the Republican Party. Beware THE INNER GORILLA -- for THE INNER GORILLA is YOU, THE INNER GORILLA is ME. THE INNER GORILLA is the eggman, THE INNER GORILLA is the Walrus. Paul is dead, brutally murdered by THE INNER GORILLA.

Wuv and kisses,
THE INNER GORILLA

Kids!
Improving On Nature
ION is ecstatic to pleasure you with All New! Meat Apples! with "real" meat taste but all the nutrition of the apple PLUS! the essential protein of genuine Mr Moo!
Yo.... all new Meat Apples.
comes in a box!!!
-you can even microwave it - perfect for that winter snack!
yes!
ALL NEW!
Meat Apples
wow!
*merty beef† nutrition injection
†"beef" - or subsequent byproduct thereof.

Zos says...
find yourself some
SPARE
time!

Does she really wanna be a girl
in a magazine ?
With airbrushed tits
Does she really think they stick
up like that when you lay down.
Poor little girl
Really has got no idea
Is she real?
The girl in the magazine.
Are you real ?
A real girl in a real world.

GAIA GIRL
MAX

Pain awaits him, who is sentimentally desirous.

Be it thus: 'Woman, there shall be no vintage from our kisses'.

In man and woman is thy 'being.' But I say, Thou could'st create this body anew.

Awake! The time has come for the new sexualities!

AoS

Existance, Heaven, Life, and other dimensions.

I must say though, that despite my amorphous mind, there are some things that are becoming more and more constant with regard to my view on life, existence, etc... or rather, not "some things", but *one* thing - a sense of wholeness, oneness; that feeling that everything is connected, that there is no need to worry about anything, or be afraid of anything, because there is nothing to be afraid of - there are no opposing forces, we are all on the same side.

Now for some more hardcore stuff... ;-)

Perception occurs in our brains, so everything we perceive is merely a projection of ourselves. But the "self" is simply our body's (brain's) awareness of itself. Now what are our bodies? - bits and pieces of old stars [BRUCE,1996]. And the association between the *I* and the body is undefinable, since we cannot locate the limits (internal or external) of any such association [ASH,1997].

Conclusions: - we do not exist as separate ego-entities. - the perception that each of us has "as individuals", *is* everything. - everything is one.

Some thoughts I've had on the above conclusions, as they apply to "actual" existence:

Everything we do in life (whether or not we realise it) is an attempt to reach the state we are in when dead: so happy that there is no need to be aware of ourselves; at peace with everything; connected to everything (no distinction between the self and the rest)...

This explains why we seek out connections with others, why we are happy to see others happy, and why we love dancing and getting lost in the music, with others who are also happy and dancing and losing themselves to the music.

It even explains weird things like why I enjoy computer programming: when I get *really into* some program, I actually forget that I'm even there; I quit thinking in English, but start thinking in C / Pascal; its almost like I *become* the program.

Same for playing pool - my brain becomes a green felt-covered wooden table, with nice coloured balls rolling round in it :-)

At the moment, however, my brain is in "alpha-wave" mode, so I'm going to have to spew forth some more weird stuff... :-)

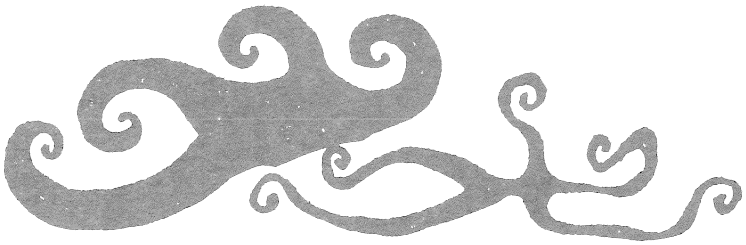
On chaos <-> oneness, the apparent contradiction:

The lack of distinction between perception and the entirety of existence (my 2nd conclusion above), combined with the limitlessness of thought / consciousness, means that anything is possible. The only possible limiting factor is if we consider our *selves* to be important; but if we are willing to let go, we are free to explore the chaotic wonders of existence - not necessarily through conscious thought, sometimes just by pure experience: some of my most amazing experiences have been devoid of all thought, there was just music and colour and movement (movement from dancing - my own and that of people around me) flowing right through me.

Existence is chaotic - nothing can be defined without referencing it to something else, and if we decide to change the reference points the definitions go haywire. Experiences such as what I described above epitomise this concept of chaos: they cannot be related to anything; it is difficult enough trying to describe them. Yet one of the most powerful things about these experiences is the awareness / sensation / perception that there is no distinction between the music, colour, movement and physical environment (incl body). Amid the chaos, everything is still connected, part of the same, one, "everythingness".

I see dancing and music as a reflection of the chaos in the oneness; chaos is what gives everything its infinitely complex beauty, but all chaos is, is the vibrations of the *one thing* that is everything.

PLUR and chaotic alpha vibrations
Jake <mjacobso@cs.uct.ac.za>



The system is fucked. Australian Government is fucked. World Government is fucked. Everyone who has taken the time and effort to actually open their eyes and give a shit knows these things as inherent truths. Even the mainstream, the conservative voters who just want to get on with their lives, know these things. The media breeds fear and prejudice amongst the populace, for they know all too well that fearful people will stay tuned to the further installments of the horror of modern society, if only to find out what new bogeyman is out there waiting to steal life, liberty and personal possession.

The new federal government has rapidly accelerated the process of "rollback" (to borrow a term from Noam Chomsky), rolling back the social welfare of this country towards fuedal levels, enhancing the gap between the rich and poor, and even dissolving the very future (education) and infrastructure of this island continent. Howard is not alone. Encroaching conservatism is sweeping the Western world. We can no longer afford social welfare. We can no longer provide a place for non productive citizens. The corporate model of government is looming on the near horizon, and the media is playing along merrily, fiddling whilst society burns.

It's a grand sham. Corporations are getting filthy rich, corporate executives make more money in a week than most people make in a year, the stockmarkets are artificially high. There is plenty of money lying about. Just look at the European luxury cars in the Central Business District or the exclusive suburbs. People are getting richer. Corporations are having the times of their lives. Meanwhile, governments are pleading poor. Maybe they should consider that cutting back the foundation of society is not the answer to their financial woes. The corporations have lots of money after all ...

I'm sitting here in my house writing this article, knowing that society is unfair, that wealth is massively unevenly distributed, and that society is rotting

internally. The symptoms are starting to show. Riots in Canberra. Conspiracy theories are Us.

But I am also sitting here knowing that my house was broken into a week ago. What the thieves stole does not matter. But they were in my house. And they can get in again. The police came around and admitted there were going to do absolutely nothing to investigate the matter. They openly admitted that a few years ago they would have followed the incident up, but now they are too busy revenue raising (speed cameras, laser guns, RBTs) for the government. What the fuck? Since when should a public service body like the police have to justify their existance on some sort of fiscal basis? What do I pay my taxes for? To provide a federal court judge another pay rise? To pay for another senate junket to the middle east?

So what am I to do? The thieves cracked a window, removed the glass, and climbed in through the resulting hole. I had deadlocks on the doors, so they had to exit the same way they came in, which was probably the reason only a couple of things were taken. How do I stop them coming in through a window again? I cover the windows with security screens. I turn my house into a fortress. In a year or two I will move into a better (ie. "wealthier, more secure") suburb. Fortress suburbia here we come.

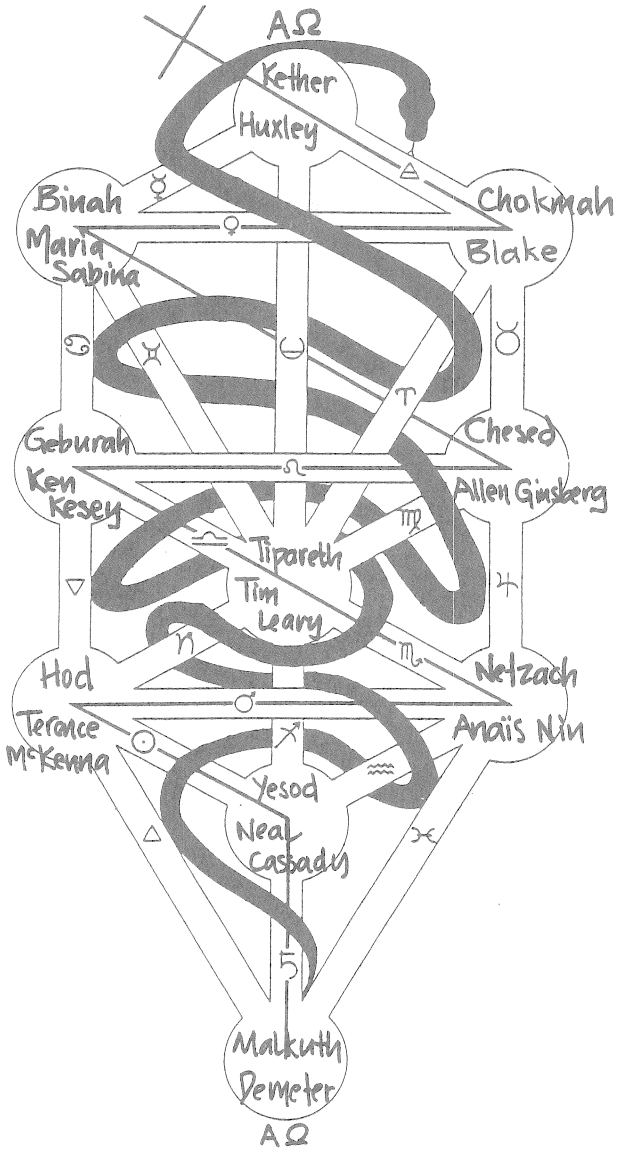
I like to think of myself as an open minded, progressive, person. But walling my house up from the outside world is such a reactionary, conservative, thing to do. Sure, possessions are meaningless. But are they really? Certain people in the techno scene keep saying that to me. But I never see them without some cherished neo-pagan idol hanging around their neck, or their drums, or their favourite psychedelics inspired clothing. I could drop out and move to Byron, or even better, some remote part of Tasmania. But I don't want to do that. I need a certain cultural density. I didn't spend all those years at university becoming a computer scientist so I could become a luddite. By the same token, climbing the corporate ladder also means little to me.

I also do not want to propogate the ever widening gap between the haves and the have-nots. Society, however, has other plans. The gap is there, and it will continue to widen for the forseeable future. After that? Who knows. We could either go the way of guarded urban enclaves where the employed live their decadent lives, and the outside slums. Or there may be some sort of popular uprising in the grand old tradition of the past.

Life is one great, murky, myopic, meaningless, and utterly fantastic adventure. From the humblest taoist, through to the most arrogant industrialist, we are all trying to gain insight, pleasure, and personal progress on our journeys. However, when your path is based on flawed assumptions, and your vista is some distorted consensual hallucination forced on you by opinion formers, you have to wonder where it is you are actually headed. Do you jump off the path and try your luck in the filthy quagmire to either side? Do you stop in your tracks and hope that circumstance doesn't take you to some place you don't want to go? Or do you stride forwards, bolding walking into the unknown, having faith in humankind to do to right thing? I am going to keep walking. If nothing else I will always have the music inside my soul, and the love of my closest friends inside my heart. Felix <derek.bradley@cmc.com.au>

Unused
by ben ohmart

Ste raised his hand and the teacher's back ignored him. They could all hear the bombs, but the teacher's chalk was becoming unbearable; scratching at the blackboard, as if the guy with the whiskers up there was wanting his slate clean for the coming invasion. Like it was the only thing that mattered. Ste looked around at clumps of the terrified masses cowering under mobile desks, and wanted to laugh at the absurdity, but the only man standing began to use a box cutter on the chalkboard, and in his mind was the only quiet place. The ones with the big tits were protected enough, even though the jocks lining up the lower depths of the college floor couldn't think about their dicks for a change, all huddling together like they were All girls, at last breaking the social barrier. Even if it Was near the end. But the man kneeling with Ste had gas and Ste just had to get away; he wasn't very puny, but the other guy really did need a desk for himself, because of the stink and the sheer Size of this 50 year old. That's what comes from listing a college shelter as the "one nearest". They don't care a damn about classes, Ste thought, just about saving their own fucking selves. "Excuse me, Mr. Dunsleski?" The teacher turned around; sweating like a man up against a 99 watt bulb; his eyes large and unresponsive, only going to the target from a lifetime of answering questions. All the eyes were on Ste, as he asked his question abo ut ischium. "Aren't you going to tell us about the simultaneous difference between the posterior and the inferior part of -" There was a tremendous explosion near what might've been the newer John P. Andowz gym; might still be. The teens wished alongside the parents of people they never knew that there was no more inside swimming pool and inside track and whatever else was beneath the dome of that gym, knowing that the odds would be that much better for them. For the building they didn't want to be in. Ste stood, waiting for his answer. For that piece of knowledge Dunsleski had selfishly started before, when things looked better. Fine coats of cocaine-like plaster fell on his head. The whir of the unrelenting attack rattling the very lightbulbs in thei r once thought stationary globes now dangling above. The teacher had vanished. Yet Ste didn't bother to think there may have been enough room beneath that podium. The rest of the tables, cement beams that looked safe, the desks that had been thrown about when the adults first entered, looking for room, rifling through outraged girls' purses for the elemental hope of a candy bar meal, but everything was full with people, and they clutched together, and began to scream, and the planes grew louder until the whimpering subsided and the empty flying machines circled back home for another fill up. He opened the door, and like rats the others hoped in the sunlight for a few minutes until the hydraulics of the door pushed them back into the darkness. No one followed, and Ste felt some peace. No mocking voices of the packs behind him doing the mating ritual and trading phone messages so they could feel closer to that word Adult; so they could feel freer before class. No smoking and self-loathing from the comparison of Ste and his betters; at least, he and the rest of the world thought so. No disruption of concentration for the notebook he pulled out. The book he began to open and read, pencil ready. To jot down tomorrow's homework.



The Flashing Sword and the Serpent on the Tree of Life

Psychedelic Qabalah

by Kylie and Darryl

The tradition of the Qabalah is predominately Jewish, but since the Renaissance, humanists, philosophers, psychologists and occultists have seized upon it with enthusiasm, adapting it for their own means. Now it is our turn. This Tree of Life has been adapted for the use of the psychedelic alchemist or shaman.

The ten Qabalistic Squares, or Sephiroth, can be regarded as the ten fundamental elements of God. (Remember, that means you!) They are mirrors, or stages. Energy descends from Godhead beginning with Kether, manifesting in each of the Sephiroth until finishing at Malkuth and the organic world. The snake travels back up the Tree to enlightenment. The classic journey of death and rebirth.

In constructing the Psychedelic Qabalah we have chosen our own deities from the psychedelic visionary tribe and matched them to the Sephiroth that best defines their character, their particular aspect of the divine most clearly manifest.

The Qabalah teaches that all things of the Universe are a whole, organized by hidden connections. Personalizing the traditional Qabalah helps teach us this and makes us more aware of the synchronicity of all things.

> **"I must create a System, or be enslaved by another man's" - Blake**

Kether as Aldous Huxley: The Crown

Brahman, Osiris, The Son of Chaos. Conscious life, conscious death.

Aldous Huxley died as he lived, literally tripping. Compensating for his gradual loss of eyesight, his Third Eye opened via use of hallucinogenic sacraments. We was able to see "what Adam had seen on the morning of creation - the miracle, moment by moment of naked existence." Huxley *The Doors of Perception*

The title of his landmark essay on the mescaline experience was taken from a verse of Blake's:

> **"If the doors of perception were cleansed everything will appear as it is, infinite."**

Kether is where we begin and end.

Chokmah as Blake: Wisdom

Odin, Vishnu, Uranus: Father of the Titans

Blake's reflections and experiences of the human condition gradually articulated themselves as he created his own complete mythology, the "Giant Forms" of:

Tharmas - Body

Luvah - Emotion
Urthona - Imagination
Urizen - Reason

He was unconventional, a mystic visionary, both a prolific poet and engraver. The Wise Old Man.

"How do you know but ev'ry bird that cuts the airway,
Is an immense world of delight, clos'd by your senses five?"

Blake, *The Proverbs of Hell*

Binah as Maria Sabina: Understanding

Magna Mater, Rhea mother of Demeter, The Celestial Queen, Earth Mother and Sorceress.

Maria Sabina, the Oaxacan curandero, was the first to share sacramental mushrooms with a European, Gordon Wasson in 1955, whose writings on the experience were later to incite Timothy Leary to try it for himself.

"Woman who thunders am I, woman who sounds am I.
Spiderwoman am I, hummingbird woman am I.
Whirling woman of the whirlwind am I.
Woman of a sacred enchanted place am I.
Woman of the shooting starts am I."

Excerpt from a chant by Maria Sabina

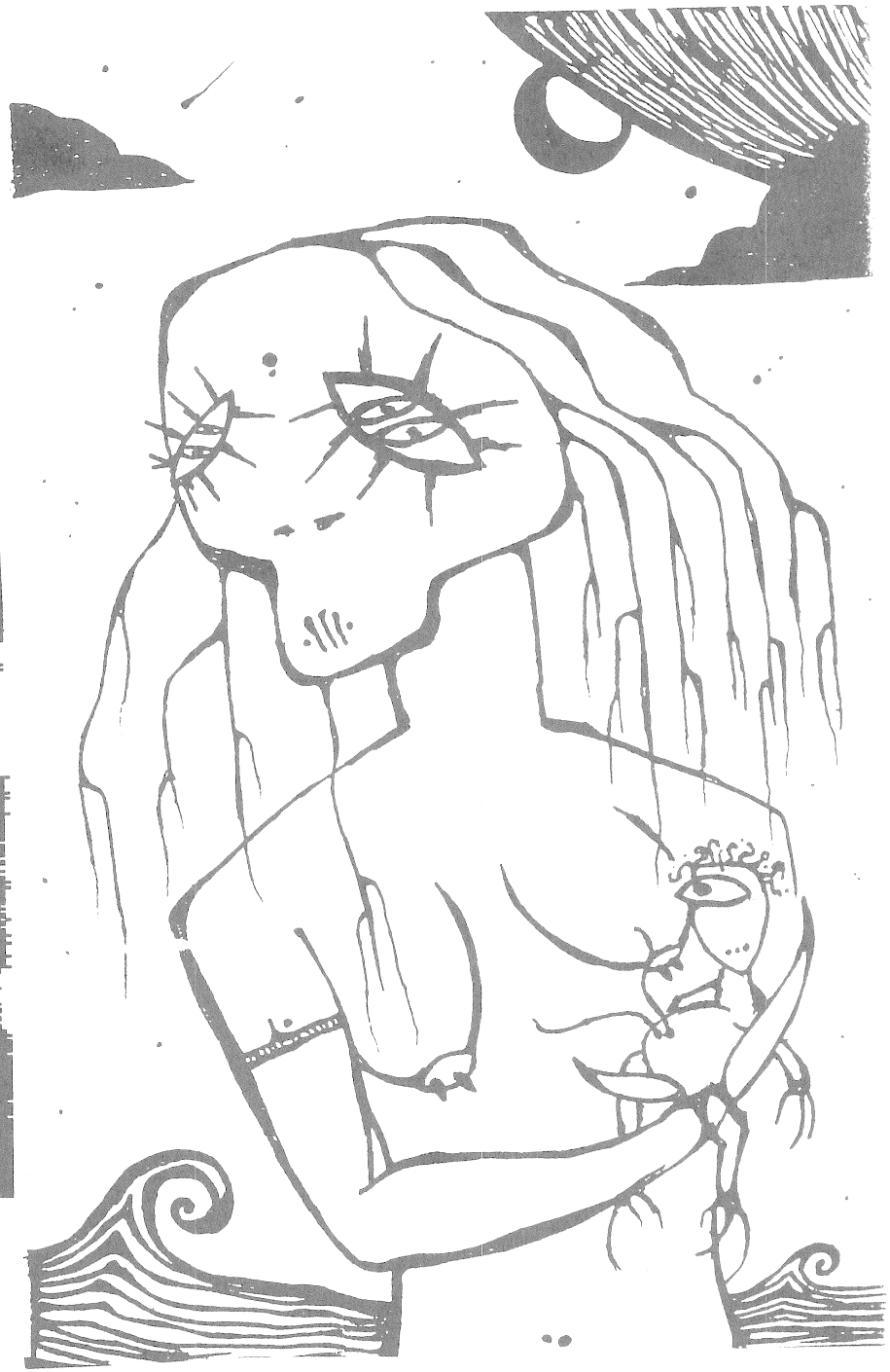
Chesed as Allen Ginsberg: Mercy

The Enthroned Priest King, the male force that organizes & builds things up, the magician's wand.

Ginsberg, blessed by auditory hallucinations of Blake, is described by Leary in *High Priest* as "secretary general of the world's poets, beatniks, anarchists, socialists, free sex/love cultists". He is the spinner of cosmic campaigns to turn on the gifted and famous.

"I Allen Ginsberg a separate consciousness
I want to be God
I who want to hear the infinite minutest vibration of eternal harmony
I who wait trembling my destruction by that ethereal music in the fire
I who hate God and give him a name
I who make mistakes on the eternal typewriter
I who am doomed."

From the poem *Lysergic Acid* - Ginsberg



Geburah as Ken Kesey: Severity

Loki, trickster amongst the gods, Shiva, god of Divine Intoxication, the mad aesthetic living in the woods and mountains.

Ken kesey, Captain Flag, "The Chief", unofficial leader of the Merry Pranksters, whose motto was always "further: "Make life an art, rather than art from life". The paradoxical combination of playfulness and inward calm absorbed into the joy of the Absolute.

> **"I get weary of people who use pessimism to avoid being responsible for all the problems in our culture. A man who says, 'We're on the road to disaster', is seldom trying to wrench the wheel away from the driver. I prefer the troublemaker. He tells them he doesn't like the way they are running the show, and he thinks he could do it better. The fact is, he's going to try!"**

Kesey as quoted in *On the Bus*

Tipareth as Timothy Leary: Beauty

Apollo, the Sun King, Christ, the Resurrector, balance between destructive and constructive forces.

Timothy Leary was the Harvard professor turned High Priest. He was framed and imprisoned by the US government to prevent him from running for Governor of California. He escaped from prison after only serving 7 months of a 10 year sentence to be Resurrected.

> **"This Holyman thing is always something you confess to rather than claim. When you say it, you lose it, but not for long. It's a relentless growing process which, like aging, or wrinkles, once it has begun cannot be stopped. The inexorable, unplanned for, troublesome, comically embarrassing, implausible, unstoppable tidal wave sweep towards sainthood. How ironic and ludicrous that an American Irishman should be forced into sainthood."**

Tim Leary from *High Priest*

Netzach as Anais Nin: Victory

Venus, Aphrodite, The Naked Amazon, Mistress of Language.

A bisexual bigamist, Anais Nin was an avid explorer of the unconscious and took LSD as part of an experiment conducted by Oscar Janiger. He described her as probably experiencing less of a change than other subjects "because she was already so close to her own unconscious realm, could move in and out of her inner life, and could see the world in multi-layered consciousness that supersedes time and place." [From Storming Heaven by Jay Stevens]. She spent her life challenging

societal notions of female sexuality.

"I had a feeling that Pandora's Box contained the mysteries of women's sensuality, so different to man's and for which man's language is inadequate".

Anais Nin, *Delta of Venus*

Hod as Terence McKenna: Splendour

Mercury, god of intelligence and magic, Hermes, the divine messenger, Hanuman, the monkey who become a god.

Terence McKenna is a modern shaman communicating between this world and others. He describes the joy and welcome received when entering hyperspace. The hallucinogenic plants are teachers.

"I decided that meaning and language are two separate things. And what the alien voice in the psychedelic experience wants to reveal is the syntactic nature of reality. The real secret of magic is that the world is made of words, and if you know the words that the world is made of, you can make whatever you wish."

Terence McKenna

Yesod as Neal Cassady: Foundation

Dionysis, child of Persephone, the naked man, creativity both sexual and intellectual, the elephant, combined forces of strength and mind, inspiration.

Neal Cassady was considered to be the inspiration for the Beat Movement, living fast, hard, having fun and telling you all about it. He travelled across America innumerable times, turning his friends on the marijuana and other mind altering drugs. He was the driver of Ken Kesey's bus, taking it "further" indeed, with phenomenal ingestions of LSD and a continual jabber of streams of anecdote and philosophical observation.

"Cassady is a monologuist, only he doesn't seem to care whether anyone is listening or not. He just goes off on the monologue by himself if necessary, although anyone is welcome aboard. He will answer all questions, although not exactly in that order, because we can't stop here, next rest 40 miles, you understand, spinning off memories, metaphors, literary, oriental, hip allusions, all punctuated by the unlikely expression, "you understand".

Tom Wolfe, Electric Kool Aid Acid Test

Malkuth as Demeter and Persephone: The Kingdom

Unity of Heaven and Earth, the bride of God. A young woman, crowned and seated on a throne, Persephone, Queen of the Underworld.

Her return from the realms of the dead was symbolic of the death/rebirth experiences in the Eleusian Mysteries. Demeter, as the Great Mother of Life and Death, and specifically of agriculture, contains within herself both the upper and lower worlds. Her story explores the paradoxical relation between them for what dies above the Earth falls below and comes back new. Demeter's impassioned search for her daughter symbolises the human longing for continual rebirth. Initiates in to the Eleusian Mysteries drank a potion, kykeon (popularly believed to be ergotized beer) and participated in a sacred pageant that re-enacted the story of Demeter and Persephone. Through careful manipulation of set and setting the initiates lived through Demeter's emotions of sorrow, rage and rejoicing. Only after the symbolic death did light return; after the ritual initiates would return upwards and out into the Elysian Fields.

This is where we end and begin.

We would like to dedicate the Psychedelic Qabalah to the memory of Allen Ginsberg. "They're not making Jews like Allen any more".

If the man without a way can be said to have a certain apocalyptic impact, the situation of the times can, for the most part, claim the dubious honor of that fact. The author's hope is that the form as well as the content reflects something of that short but charged mass-levy of catastrophes and series of shocks to the human nervous system, and that the collection nevertheless is something more than a more or less successful or abortive document of the times, that it not only reproduces an outer and an inner chaos but also something of the impotence, distress, and struggle of naked and antipropagandistic humankind. Formally, one can perhaps trace influences from surrealistic art and from modern, classicizing music. By the form - exploded sonnet - I want to give something of the tension between the rational and the irrational in the world picture of modern science; the imagery, which does not avoid the grotesque, is always intended to underline reality's brutal moment of surprise. In short, the author's endeavor was to give to the painful and pathetic, to the uncertain and complicated, an objective and material form." -R.B.

Erik Lindegren
"THE MAN WITHOUT A WAY"

influence of electric punch card machines on the human ear

She is at the place of unease and trembling, sitting on a table in a diaphanous pre-Raph gown, her feet swinging back and forth. She's quite glorious to be near, her pink tongue against the red curtain, hard to be objective several faces of all different ages vie for dominance at once and underneath it all her ongoing biological monotony the price she pays i guess the electrifying teeth glow worm slivers of death shaved off a core of falling being. "Am I not a fine Maiden? Give me leave to play in your house." Like a pretty girle of 7 or 9 yeares of age.

Hey stranger can you tell me the halluzinatavismus

mystic asphodel

thin wall of the soap container

metallic sound like tapwater

cuntlips and clitsmoke vasum tristiae the ancient nihilistic design of her holy temple of consciousness which is currently packed with bloody tissues in stercore invenitur

A VEIL OF DEWDROPS

The confluence of draining youth alien nausea naive vigour spattering red on the strong clenched fist true and violent happiness in fingers slipping skirt merging of form mingling

towers of extruded sticky pliant colours shifting frantic beyond choice when the pleasure is so intense overpowered senses and i was right to destroy myself dripping limbs stiffen in a shirt of blood lotus apparition.

she had red marbles for eyes

ALONE IN THE CAGE

i came all this way to learn the whereabouts of the lost children (come and see), about sorrow and what the secret of floating music may be hear the inhalation you're inside her navigate duplicata into insanit all is not lost the unconquerable will time his pride for one restraint steadfast hate and penal fire continuously shifting planes of light like knives thrown in a drawer o god of water conversations when i look down into the unwinding strands of my present self i see your face obscured, lines of ants upon your cheeks. I love you more and more each day.

Angkor Thom jungle personnel

drifting past the outer rim of a toxic cometary world rushing emerald cataracts warmth and pressure gradually whittling away left in drives hungers petrifying liquids an awesome accumulation of unbidden and glorious moments and movements

falling down carelessly

falling by chance WELL WE HAD TO!

your flowing stream the regular rhythmic motion

our underground liquid spread to the sand movement

they seek one another to my legs unplanted to

just like epileptics the backs of my hands glow the warm sand through muscular flesh dawn comes music hymen busted bleeding and crying lachosis lapponica drowning in vapours the beautiful mouth a lipstick smear lubricious to all intrusions twig finger penis pallida conlapsis the taste of rotting nets called with hansel trail shuddering receptivity for this our heart became languid so nice if for ten minutes it would rain pale pliant as an exhalation Laodicea... for this our eyes are dim.

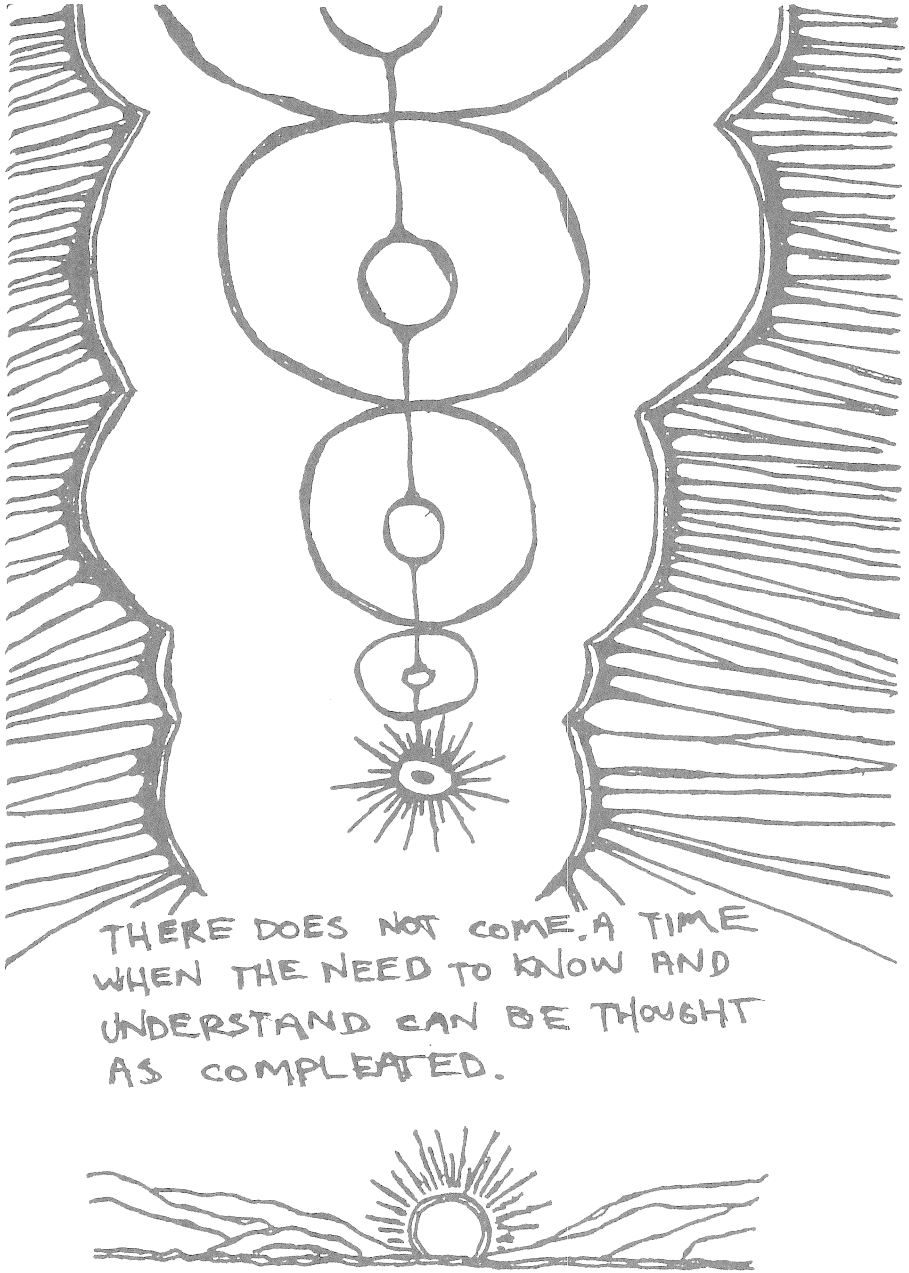
BUT WHEN IT FAILED

Egypt's sky clasped in celestial handsvoid out of contaminated remnants the mortal opening of an eye inevitable dalliance only euphorbiae of atoms so close that body containing and then thrown away residual power picking at the shock myself feeling the time of soft dank mud just me in the cave with a stick and some excrement DELICIOUS! was there Never another pile of peeled spare parts in that turned-over damp i seem to recall clinging and chewing ubiquitous fembones what is left must be made to speak at behest and indefatigably The marvellous and ephemeral excess of surviving, the Scolytus destructor ray which is activated at moments of extreme sublimity and massive expenditure Epiphanous celebratory cloudbursts with a delightful penumbra on either side - that's what we'd like to see more of in the future and don't forget to gesture when you're in sugary tongued molecular embrace it always helps

There's the girl who sobs beneath the falling snow a rarefied splinter of a grand Lyre of Lesbos cabal smeared with oil and ground peppers love is so rare every delicate detail As i gazed about there for help insipidly demanding and ah i wonder and i was just getting the still walking for sensorineural the tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme of Diotima stained shards of insochrysopratonamine diacetyl a farm girl in a lace cap and an Oklahoma dress building an altar from broken plates.

Quite a bit that can never be repeated. She used to cover me with fortune telling signs, expanding rings sinking.

She is far now, setting the table for strangers.



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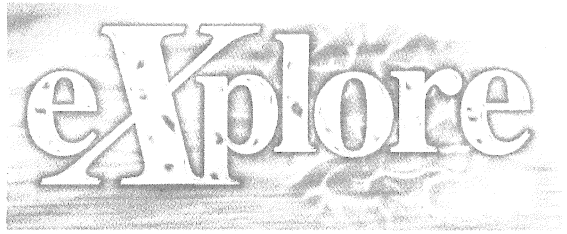

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Alice Crowsfeet

I did not write these holy words, they were spoken to me by the Omnipotent. The Omnipotent spoke to me in a dream, showing itself to me in a multitude of forms.

The first of the forms to appear was the Monkey, a human, looking very androgynous, draped in gold cloth. I enquired to the monkey what was its name, and was it male or female?

The monkey replied 'You can call me the Monkey, as further names only serve to confuse. And what does my sexuality matter to you, Alice Crowsfeet?'

I am sorry if I offended, but I simply wished to know you better.

'In that case, I will show myself to you' replied the Monkey, opening its golden gown, and letting it fall from its shoulders. The Monkey's face had appeared light, with slightly Asiatic eyes and curly dark hair. But as I gazed upon its whole body, I realized that it was lighter at the front, its underside, and darkened to brown and black down its arms and legs, and on its back. But its front revealed another surprise- for its chest held two large round breasts, and its abdomen carried a penis and testicles. I have never seen anything like it.

'On the contrary, Alice Crowsfeet, you have seen everything like it. For I am every man, every woman, every race. I think I rule the world, but I don't.'

And with that, the form of the Monkey disappeared.

The second form then came to me, and I was at first frightened. I kept looking away but it kept drifting into my vision. Flying. Because it had wings like a bird, but a tail like a fish, and hair like hundreds of snakes. It said 'Don't be afraid Alice Crowsfeet, for we will not harm you. We are Animus and we live together and share the earth.'

But don't you also kill each other for food?

'Yes but we take only what we need. We don't kill for fun. We don't own, we share. For we are all the animals of the water, of the land and of the air.'

Then why did the Monkey appear separatey? Isn't the monkey an animal too?

'Yes. The Monkey appeared to you becase you are a monkey. But the Monkey is the problem animal in our family. They think they are not animals, and better than the rest of us. They think they own us, buy us and sell us, keep us in pens, cages, nets. They kill those of us whom they think are useless, and breed those of us they like to eat, and send us to death factories. They take more than they need, they don't share and they kill anything which stands in their way.' I thought about it and knew that the Animus was right.

Then the third form appeared to me, and at first I could not tell what it was, because the scale was all wrong. I came upon it as if from a million miles away. It was a tiny round green thing, growing at an alarming rate as I approached it. As it grew, I could see that it was in fact a spherical skin, and not a solid ball as I had first imagined. It came closer and engulfed me, and from the inside I could see that the thickness of the skin varied from a fine silken gauze to a thick shag-pile. In places the fabric had frayed and holes appeared, with a few thin threads stretched across or hanging in space. As I looked closer I saw not just the predominant green, but every colour imaginable. A voice sounded in my head 'The Biosphere is completely interconnected, though it appears to be separate, a multitude of forms. Our function is to live and to support life, to evolve and diversify.'

I came close to the skin, and passed through a hole in it, and skimmed across its surface. I realized it was algae, floating in an ocean I could not see. Soon I saw great clumps of seaweed, then spinifex grasses, shrubs and trees. As there was no earth or water, I could see right down to the roots, even as they reached as deep as the forest canopy was tall.

'You monkeys are changing our evolution by your selective monoculture, you encourage disease, you mutate us with chemical warfare, with laws you ban some plant's very existence, with your chainsaws you make species extinct. You are ignorant. We make the air for you to breath, and you hack us down, to dig up rocks. You burn us and then you dig up our ancestors and burn them too, polluting the air which we condition. But we can and have adapted. Even in your most polluted rivers, new lifeforms appear. The life force is too strong for six billion monkeys to destroy.'

But what can I do?

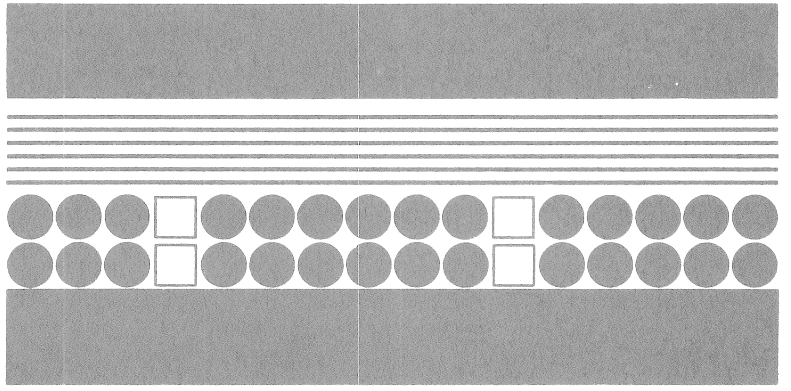
'Do what must be done. Ensure biodiversity. Replace monoculture with permaculture. Stop the chemical war. Take and use whichever plants you need. End the laws which ban plants.'

But aren't those just for harmful plants?

'No plant is harmful, if handled wisely. You monkeys ban some plants which grow to aid and comfort you. You do not own the garden, you manage it. So open your eyes, open your mind and do what must be done.'

As the Biosphere disappeared, I realized that I too was a part of it, with all of the animals and all of the plants. Then I wondered if the whole dream had anything to do with the wild mushroom casserole I had eaten the night before.

Mandy Curties



TOWARDS A SUSTAINABLE SOCIETY - PART OF THE ECOFEMINIST PERSPECTIVE

Felicity Boevink spcia @bit.net.au

Ecofeminists are postmodernist philosophers who hold the premise that the world's current social, environmental and economic systems are non-sustainable. They examine, from a feminist and environmental standpoint, social history and propose alternative models for society.

Ecofeminists hold that social discourse often divides human needs into 'basic' needs (food, shelter, clothing) separate from other 'higher' needs such as environment, education and freedom.

A list of related polarities

.....

North / South National/Local
U s / T h e m
Development/Conservation
Local/Global Present/Future
Male/Female Me/You
Expansion/Contraction
E c o n o m y / E c o l o g y
R e a s o n / E m o t i o n
S c i e n c e / R e l i g i o n
Competition/Cooperation
White/Black Mind/Body
Means/Ends

They argue that a better world can only be obtained by changing the links between and perceptions of all of the world's devalued/valued, more important/less important polarities. This propounds the need for a new cosmology and a new anthropology which recognises that all life in nature (which includes human beings) is maintained by means of respect, co-operation, mutual care, and love (Mies & Shiva, 1993).

HOW ???????? Gruen (1994) in "Towards an ecofeminist moral epistemology" suggests an alternative approach to society based on inclusive, self formed communities where decisions are made on the basis of the diverse, rather than universal, knowledge and experiences of the group.

Gruen's vision is based on debate and sharing between oppositional communities, where the experience of one group is not privileged over another. She requires that knowledge claims emerge from a community dialogue which provides a forum for otherwise silenced or undervalued experiences. Gruen's model is not based on a uniquely male or female, development or conservation, right or wrong experience of the world, but rather an understanding, exploration and elimination of dualisms, dominance and suppression.

Mies (1993) presents a 'subsistence perspective' for future social development. The basic concepts of which are:

1. The aim of economic activity is not to produce commodities or money, but the creation and re-creation of life through the satisfaction of fundamental human needs by self-sufficiency, self-provisioning, regionality and decentralisation.

2. Nature is respected for its richness and diversity, both for its own sake and as a precondition for the survival of all creatures.

As man's domination over nature is related to man's domination over women and other human beings, a different relationship to nature cannot be established without a change in human relationships, particularly between men and women. This means not only a change in the various divisions of labour, but also the substitution of money or commodity relationships by principles such as reciprocity, mutuality, solidarity, reliability, sharing, caring, respect for the individual, and responsibility for the 'whole'.

3. The perspective is based on, and promotes participatory or grassroots democracy - not only in political decisions, but also with regard to all economic, social and technological decisions.

4. A subsistence perspective requires a multidimensional or synergic problem-solving approach. It recognises the interconnectedness of all life, challenges, problems and their solutions.

5. A subsistence perspective demands a new paradigm of science based on ecologically sound, feminist, subsistence science and technology developed in participatory action with the people. It rejects the current instrumentalist, reductionist science and technology.

6. A subsistence perspective leads to a reintegration of culture and work, and of work as both a burden and a pleasure.

7. It rejects all efforts to further privatise and / or commercialise the commons: water, air, waste, soil, and resources. Instead it fosters common responsibility for these gifts of nature.

8. It embraces the practical and theoretical insistence on the interconnectedness of all life.

The ideas I really like are those of

- *"self formed oppositional communities" that recognise and value a myriad of life experiences, but realise that people may not necessarily agree with each other,*
- *the change in the aim of economic activity to the creation and re-creation of life through the satisfaction of fundamental human needs by self-sufficiency, self-provisioning, regionality and decentralisation, and*
- *Mies' use of the word subsistence, which in my opinion questions our current world view of the need for eternal abundance and freedom from the burdens of living.*

There seems to be a lot of debate at the moment regarding "voluntary self formed" communities. I think that there is wisdom available in the wider world that could be used to take alternative philosophies beyond criticism of "the other" and easy self congratulation.
Who's ready for the challenge ?

References

- Gruen, L. (1994) 'Towards and ecofeminist moral epistemology', in Ecological Feminism, ed K.Warren, Routledge, London.
- Mies, M., Shiva, V., Ecofeminism, Routledge, New York, 1993.

Re: (idm) dub? Real dub?

From: nigel@dstc.edu.au
To:octarine@discord.org

The Internet fosters the development of some strangely specialised and highly energetic communities. The "Intelligent Dance Music" (IDM) and Ambient mailing lists are perfect examples, each supporting a global constituency of around 1000 sonically obsessed trainspotters. Here is a taste of a recent thread I enjoyed. All articles used with the authors' permission.

Nigel Ward----------Think Cosmically, Act Sub-Atomically
email: nigel@dstc.edu.au

On 9 April 1997, on the IDM mailing list Ian McCausland wrote:

anyone recommend some real dub?... I have the Macro Dub vol 2... but I want more "real" stuff.. I have one disc by Mad Prof.. "its a Mad mad mad Mad Prof".. and its very good..... some wild effects.. I can see the influence this stuff has had on ORb among others.. anyways.. anything thats as groovin and electro would be great....

ian in winnipeg

Date: Wed, 09 Apr 1997 00:28:55 -0700
From: "Gonzi \(Fresh\)" <fresh@linkonline.net>
To: idm@hyperreal.com
Subject: Re: (idm) dub? real dub?

This is from alt.culture:

dub

> Afro-Caribbean psychedelic music of sound subtraction. In dub, the producer becomes the center of the Jamaican reggae experience, shining an aural X-ray onto the sound to illuminate the bass and drums at its skeletal framework; vocals are sparse, other instruments drop in and out dramatically, and sound effects are added seemingly at random. By 1970, Lee "Scratch" Perry, Joe Gibbs, Bunny Lee and other producers' dub "versions" were staples of Jamaican single B-sides; King Tubby came next, raising further the level of technical sophistication. Today Adrian Sherwood, the Mad Professor, and Jah Shaka, are dub's chief practitioners, while the music's production tricks have become staples of house, techno, and ambient recordings.

But it's really more complicated than all that. You might want to check this out:

> http://www.seacoast.com/~c/dub.htm

Basically, you probably want to start with people like Lee Perry, King Tubby, and Mad Professor and work from there as these are the originators of the sound. There is an excellent profile of Lee Perry in Grand Royal magazine #2 as well as a ridiculously extensive overview of his work.

happy hunting,

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Live & Direct from the G-Spot,
Orange County, California, USA
http://www1.linkonline.net/fresh/fresh.htm

Date: Wed, 9 Apr 1997 21:13:39 -0700 (PDT)
From: "for.next" solenoid@thetics.europa.com
To: idm@hyperreal.com
Subject: (idm) Dub, a machine-based genre

To PARAPHRASE my memory of _Cut n' Mix"_, a excellent book about the history of post-r-n-b soul music (touching on the history of scratching/rap and the history of Jamaican pop music from Sam Cooke influences to Alpha Blondy):

Dub was birthed from the studio mixes of 'Rocksteady', a late-60's bass-heavy reggae popular for street dancing. Around the young music/dance scene, there was a competition between different folks' "sound systems" (kind of like in people's cars "rap-mobiles" in the US suburbs right now) about how loud they could be and, specifically, how many people they could get dancing at their street parties. (This book shows pictures of some sound systems, which could roll around on casters and were pretty homebuilt-looking.

To get the beat of the music to travel further through the crowds, everyone gradually started turning their sound-systems' bass up and up. This gradually influenced how the music was recorded/composed (like 808 bassdrums in rap in the US in the 80-90's). Rocksteady stood out from previous forms of reggae in that the beat was slowed down from the dancehall style and the bass was cranked up to the foreground. (I think the book talks about the popularity of pot in the late 60's crossed with rocksteady leading to the appreciation of the trippy mixes of folks like Lee Perry and Linval Thompson, Joe Gibbs, etc who did the mixing of efx and echoes for instrumental tracks/backing for the MC's that sung over the music (part of how the roots of dancehall/ska got started). Dub was born out of the instrumental remixes/b-sides of the 'straight' songs from this time. Eventually, the remix engineers got acknowledged as the "scientists" who mastered these mixing skills. If you buy both dub and reggae from the 70's, you can figure out who engineered which straight tracks by recognizing the beats, horns, bits of vocals, etc in the dub tracks (usually not just named after the original track). The key devices in making dub are the multitrack mixer/tape (mixdown setup) with space echoes on the auxilliary efx channels, so you can grab any sound in any channel of the mix and toss it into the space echo..cho..ho ho ho ho HO HO HOhhOhhOOHHOHH <- like that, where it feeds back!

There were studios like Black Ark, Studio One, (can't recall more right now) that became the hubs (because of their mixer-consoles, revoxes, space echos and other post-production gear) through which those into dub attained status and skills in the studio. This could be compared to techno; where programming skills directly relate to your inclination to tweak machines on-the-fly and get the sound you spontaneously imagine.

Cut n' Mix covers Grandmaster Flash a little as well! According to the book, he had a degree in electronics and started street mixing by tapping the power from the neighborhood streetlights to run the sound system/turntables? There are a few good interviews in this book...

- Solenoid

solenoid@europa.com <------+

Date: Wed, 9 Apr 1997 14:02:05 -0400
To: idm@hyperreal.com
From: ninjah@generation.net (Ninja Tune/Discreet)
Subject: Re: (idm) dub? real dub?

First off... anything on Blood and Fire. Hands down the best dub re-issue label.

Then...

Dr.Alimantado, Jah Stich, King Tubby, Lee Perry, Horace Andy, Mad Professor, Augustus Pablo, Dub Syndicate, African Head Charge, Singers and Players, Creation Rebel, Tappa Zukie, Alpha and Omega, Big Youth, Burning Spear, Congos, Coxsone Dodd, Jah Shaka, Kieth Hudson, Chin Loy, LKJ, U-Roy, Jacob Miller, Niney the Observer, Prince Far I, Roots Radic, Scientist, Upsetters

.

not all of these artists releases were specifically 'dub' but a good portion of them were.

and oh so many more...

I agree with the person who proped up Scientist "Rids The World of The Evil Curse of the Vampire". It is possibly the best 'dub' record.

There are some good collections on Island. Ariwa, Greensleeves, On U Sound, and Trojan have a lot of good stuff that isn't to hard to track down. Beware of sketchy dub re-issues. There are many.

Good luck on the vinyl. I've managed to track down about 250 older titles in the last couple years and that helps explain my general lack of cash.
Jeff

From: Chris Fahey <chris@wanderlust.com>
To: Ian McCausland <Ian_McCausland@mit.bison.mb.ca>,
"'IDM'" <idm@hyperreal.com>
Subject: (idm) Real Dub
Date: Wed, 9 Apr 1997 11:50:11 -0400

For classic dub, Lee "Scratch" Perry is the shit. He's got about 50 dub records going back to the 60's. Mad Prof's a protege of his. Check out Lee Perry/Mad Professor collaboration "Experryments at the grassroots of Dub" to bridge the gap.

For more modern dub, the Macro dubs are really great, though not really all dub. Also check out the "Crooklyn Dub Consortium" compilations vol 1 & 2. Renegade Soundwave "in Dub" is okay, too. And of course the Orb.

One of the best records I've ever heard is the Mad Professor vs. Massive Attack "No Protection" which, if you don't have it, is one of the greatest peices of musical re-engineering I've ever heard. (the first and last tracks are intense) Even if you don't like Massive Attack much (which I don't), this record is essential.

The latest and greatest for me is WE's new record "As Is" (on Asphodel). Not pure dub, but a real heavy dub foundation with illbient/jungle/ambient slathered on top.

-Chris Fahey

Date: Wed, 9 Apr 1997 11:19:59 -0700 (PDT)
From: ryan|b|shaw <rybesh@leland.stanford.edu>
To: Chris Fahey <chris@wanderlust.com>
cc: Ian McCausland <Ian_McCausland@mit.bison.mb.ca>,
"'IDM'" <idm@hyperreal.com>
Subject: Re: (idm) Real Dub

On Wed, 9 Apr 1997, Chris Fahey wrote:

o)For classic dub, Lee "Scratch" Perry is the shit. He's got about 50
o)dub records going back to the 60's. Mad Prof's a protege of his.
o)Check out Lee Perry/Mad Professor collaboration "Experryments at
o)the grassroots of Dub" to bridge the gap.

speaking of which, i saw lee perry live last weekend, backed by the robotiks, with mad professor on the mixing board. i went to the show a bit skeptically, given that 1) perry is 61 years old, and i haven't really dug his recent albums, and 2) dub seems to be such a studio creation that i doubted its impact live. within moments of perry appearing on stage, my doubts disintegrated. he is an extremely charismatic performer (the only comparison i can think of is dylan when he's on) as well as exceedingly strange--i found my self believing that he actually is a space alien as he claims, if not then he is the spryest old man ever, dude did a 3 hour show and jumped around all night. dub is also *incredible* live--watching the drummer solo and gradually hearing his solo mutate until it seems unrelated to his movements is wonderfully disorienting... plus i was sitting right behind mad p. and so got a lesson in knob-twiddling magick. quite an experience...

r|b|s

Date: Thu, 1 May 97 11:25:21 +0200
From: schneide@pike.phil.uni-passau.de (Karl-Michael Schneider)

To: jeffs@hyperreal.com
Subject: Re: (amb) dub
Cc: ambient@hyperreal.com

>Can someone post my history of dub. I seem to have misplaced it,
>along with my medication.
>
> Jeff Spirer
> Axiom/Material
> www.hyperreal.com/axiom/

The question of "What is dub?" and the related question of "What is ambient dub?" come up here so often that ther should be FAQ on these two questions. However, to answer both these questions:

"Dub" comes from a mis-pronunciation of the Durbs, an indigenous people inhabiting a small mountainous region between India and Turkey. The region that the Durbs inhabit, a section of the Ural Mountains, is incredibly cold year around and is very isolated. Durbs raise goats in their huts, where constant fires make it warm enough to live, and eat the leaves of the Sulea, the only plant that grows in the area.

Durb music is performed outdoors, since there are no large indoor gathering places. Every Durb performance has a vocal section that sings from the throat (leading to the belief that the Durbs are related to the Tuvanians and may, in fact, have come from Inner Tuvania in the 14th Century to escape an invasion by Genghis Khan) and an instrumental section that plays horns that make a sound similar to a goat being slaughtered, a single-string instrument that looks like a didgeridoo with goat-gut stretched from end to end, and a variety of percussion instruments made from rocks, goat skins, and human skulls.

Durb music is characterized by the fading in and out of voices and instruments. This is a result of the extreme cold in which Durb music is performed, as the musicians get too cold to sing or play their instruments and have to go into a hut and warm up before they can continue to perform. Occasionally, Durb performers die from the extreme cold and their parts are no longer heard in the remainder of the piece.

In 1972, famed reggae producer Leslie Kong was touring Asia looking for new ideas when his plane was forced down in Durb territory. Durbs had never seen an airplane before and as a result proclaimed Kong to be the legendardy Durbish god of sustenance known as Arbutta when he crawled out from the wreckage. Kong was required for two years to bless and attend every performance of Durb music. When a Himalayan search team finally found Kong, he told the Durbs that he would bring their music back to his country, Jamaica, and make it popular. Because of minor mental problems related to the high altitude and the cold weather, Kong, on his return to
Jamaica, introduced what he called "Dub" music to Jamaica.

"Ambient Dub" was created when Bill Laswell and Peter Kuhlmann took a DAT to Durbish territory in 1993 to record "environmental" sounds. The DAT broke while they were there, but the local performances were highly influential, and on their return to "civilization" they recorded a recreation of what they heard in Durb country. Unable to pronounce the unprounceable name of the area that the Durbs inhabit, they called this recreation "Outland."

Hopefully this answers these questions for all time.

Jeff
jeffs@hyperreal.com
http://www.hyperreal.com/axiom/

For information on the IDM and ambient mailing lists, check out the hyperreal web site:

IDM mailing list: http://hyperreal.com/music/lists/idm/
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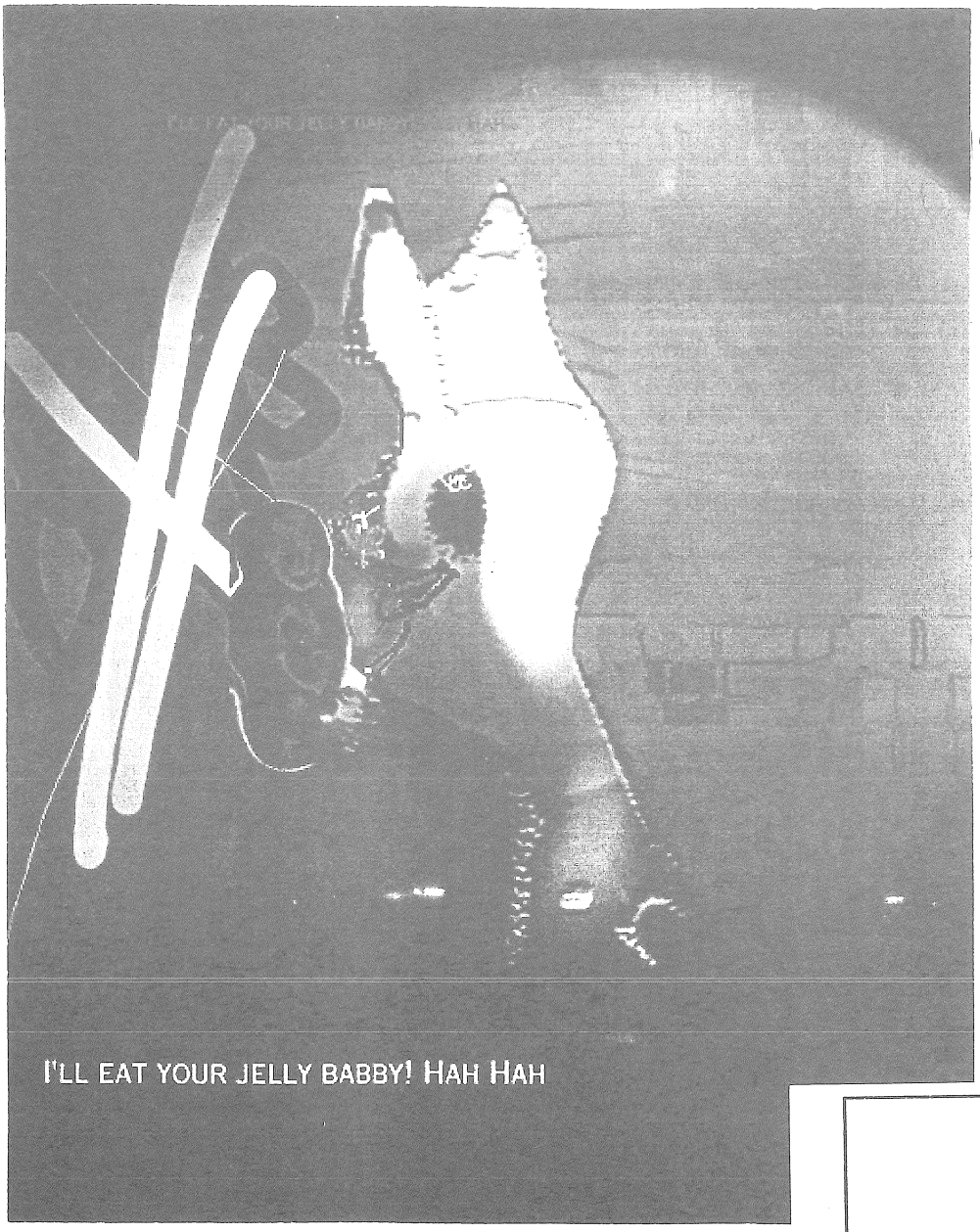
DMT



On the occasion of Allen Ginsberg's death . . .

Bleary eyed, tender, mocking satyr.
Big mouth, big cock,
You have some balls!
Your courage shook the ground I stood on,
Your piercing look left me a speechless idiot.
Your soft lips on mine surprised me.
I will miss you when you go, old fool.
Who will be left to sing odes to teenage bodies in halls full of prissy spinsters?
Who, to find poetry in a fart?
And who to merrily piss on the Pentagon?
Old father, big belly, runny nose, scraggly greybeard,
How is it you are still so beautiful?

Andrei Foldes
<olddog@ix.netcom.com>

The Resonance Project

a vehicle for evolutionary ideas
edited by James Kent

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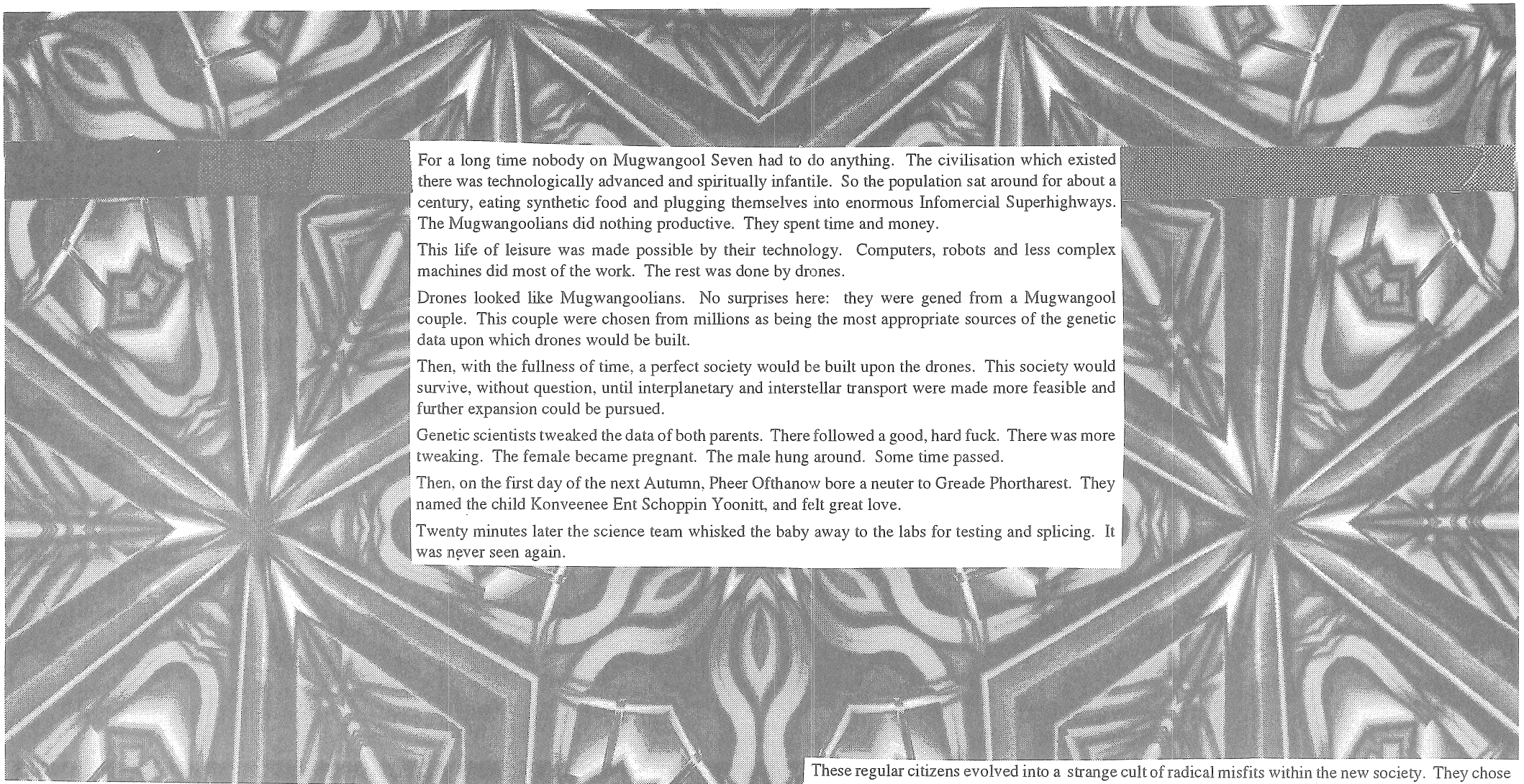


For a long time nobody on Mugwangool Seven had to do anything. The civilisation which existed there was technologically advanced and spiritually infantile. So the population sat around for about a century, eating synthetic food and plugging themselves into enormous Infomercial Superhighways. The Mugwangoolians did nothing productive. They spent time and money.

This life of leisure was made possible by their technology. Computers, robots and less complex machines did most of the work. The rest was done by drones.

Drones looked like Mugwangoolians. No surprises here: they were gened from a Mugwangool couple. This couple were chosen from millions as being the most appropriate sources of the genetic data upon which drones would be built.

Then, with the fullness of time, a perfect society would be built upon the drones. This society would survive, without question, until interplanetary and interstellar transport were made more feasible and further expansion could be pursued.

Genetic scientists tweaked the data of both parents. There followed a good, hard fuck. There was more tweaking. The female became pregnant. The male hung around. Some time passed.

Then, on the first day of the next Autumn, Pheer Ofthanow bore a neuter to Greade Phortharest. They named the child Konveenee Ent Schoppin Yoonitt, and felt great love.

Twenty minutes later the science team whisked the baby away to the labs for testing and splicing. It was never seen again.

Before baby Yoonitt's generation could grow old and die, millions of drones were spawned on Mugwangool Seven. It was widely accepted by the intelligentsia that rapid establishment of the new society was a logical must. Therefore within a century of Yoonitt's birth the entire society, excluding the drones and their non-organic colleagues and some free radicals, had become an enormous leisure and consumption machine.

The time was officially labelled the Age of Preparatory Rest. Astrologically, it was the Age of Vendorakk, the greater vending machine.

The drones were almost without self will, so they had no problems. The computers and machines were either off or on, so they did not care at all. If 'on' ever became too much for a computer it would set itself some down time and have a little nap. 'Off' was never a source of annoyance. Computer dreams, they say, are quite wonderful. Some regular citizens, though, did not like things much at all. They had their own dreams, the type that are best called ambitions.

These regular citizens evolved into a strange cult of radical misfits within the new society. They chose to resist the Age of PR by establishing Small Technology Havens. It was impermissible for a resident of such a haven to use any technology of wanton convenience or high pollution output. These bizarre citizens used animals and simple machines as transport, grew food from the ground and insisted on listening to music and bouncing around like children whenever possible.

Eventually some of the leisure technologies of the cultists became more advanced than those of decent Mugwangoolian society. Noticing this, and realising that it could cause further distraction amongst good citizens, the architects of the Age of PR implemented laws to counteract the spread of small technology cults.

In response to the new laws, radical society went about its business as usual. The residents of the havens, due to their innately superior cleverness, were able to quickly modify their behaviour to avoid encounters with the judiciary. Many, of course, were caught and tried and punished. Most, however, got away scot free and had a bit of a giggle now and then about the whole crazy thing.

One fateful day, however, there was nobody laughing on Mugwangool Seven. Everything suddenly ran out. There was no warning: none of the free residents monitored industry variables. That was the job of the drones. Of course, there had been evidence aplenty that things would run out. But the children of the Age of PR were blind, deaf, dumb, atactile and without the ability to taste when it came to warnings signs of any complex nature. However, when everything stopped they still managed to make it to the bowl.

A strange sound could be heard that day. It whispered throughout the world. Some of the cultists recorded the day's sound for posterity and sampling. They all analysed the strange new whisper. None of them could say what it was, or what caused it. But it sounded fucking excellent so it was shunted by the bucketload into the cultist collective subconscious aural hologram. Most of them wandered around all day saying things which translated as "How about that sound, hey? Fuck, yeah!" or phrases to that effect.

The drones had already had plenty of warning that everything was running low. Unfortunately, the computers could not tell the drones what to do about it. The computers had been designed to keep the show on the road, and even improve it a little bit. The computers had been smart enough to prevent the global system crash which threatened at the end of the millennium.

On Gwa-Gwa Three, where the computers were never smart, such a crash occurred. The entire planet fell into chaos in the last year of the second millennium since the birth of the most ignored wise man in Gwa-Gwa Three's history. Nobody could hold the system together. Tribal anarchy occurred. More about that later.

Mugwangool Seven was not so fortunate. All the large technologies remained functional right until the very end. Then everything just stopped. It was very quiet. A very large portion of the population went completely insane.

Most of the small technology cultists remained composed and made plans. It was pretty obvious to them that if they were to survive they would have to get as far away from the rest of society as possible. If they were to be happy they would have to take their small technologies with them.

So the cultists fled to the hills where they grew their own food, travelled around on animals and simple machines and buried themselves in recreational activities. They wanted to forget what had happened and get on with it.

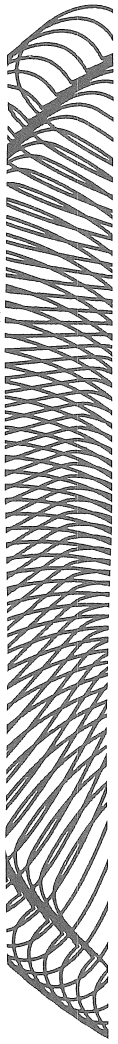
Unknown to anyone on Mugwangool Seven, an alien survey team was in orbit near Mugwangool Five. The aliens were from a long way away. And they thought it was all pretty funny. They knew everything about Mugwangool Seven. The videos and audios were selling very well back home.

Unknown to the survey team, another vessel from their home system was en route to Mugwangool.

The intelligentsia of Xaxophax had decided to put Mugwangool out of its misery. It was entirely coincidental that the financial benefits of euthenasing Mugwangool were astronomically huge. There was much drooling going on.

Cultist life had been pretty blissful for a few weeks following the global shut down. The cultists called the period "The Great Calm". Like every place in the universe, however, Mugwangool was subject to a certain law relating calm with storms.

Some cultist astrologers began ranting about the strange new object which had appeared in the constellation Onploosmare'd, the Bulldozer. It was a lovely blue colour and was getting noticeably brighter each week. It first appeared at the moment that Galgesh, planet of Kings, moved into the sign J'aimes-Te-Kirk, the Xenophobe.



Most of the astrologers believed that this meant that they were all going to die. Mugwangool Seven was to be hit by this new cosmic projectile and destroyed.

This, however was not true. Yumchar, planet of eating, was in alignment with Snikkasbah, patron planet of warfare. And to top things off, they aligned within the sign Torana, the schizoid.

Pretty soon the cultists found themselves fighting a loosing battle against billions of insane cannibals. The arts of war had been almost completely lost and forgotten during the drone age. The cultists could not win against a numerically superior force. They were all eaten.

Eventually all the crazies died too. There are many ways for billions of lunatics to die and kill and eat each other. Video sales back on Xaxophax soared to record highs. The survey team was making a fortune.

The vessel RENOVATOR arrived bored and frustrated after the long journey from Xaxophax to Mugwangool. It parked itself in orbit around Mugwangool Six and waited. While it waited it charged up its Planetary Conversion Cannon. Cultist astrology had lost much of its credibility, not to mention its entire audience. But it still made some sense.

Six months after its arrival, the RENOVATOR finished charging up its Planetary Conversion Cannon. The survey team had been instructed to leave the system. RENOVATOR had exclusive rights to all audiovisual material and kept its weapons locked on the survey team until the team's vessel turned black and disappeared into hyperspace.

Alone amongst barren marbles, swinging around a beautiful golden sun, RENOVATOR whistled merrily to itself. Space, time and art; all so wonderful; thought the ship. To please so many back home was wonderful. To generate such wealth was wonderful, too.

RENOVATOR orbited and whistled. It was a tune from Gwa-Gwa Three. Its favourite tune. It whistled Beethoven's Sixth, the second movement, through hundreds of digital channels. It mixed in a strange whispering sound, sampled from the planet which shone beautifully in the crosshairs of its targeting system.

With its solar wind scanners it watched the shadow of Mugwangool Six swing through space. It looked like a big black tunnel which swung in a line across the heavens. In the path of the vanishing point of the shadow-tunnel was Mugwangool Seven.

Half a Mugwangool Seven day before Mugwangool Seven moved into Mugwangool Six's tiny shadow, RENOVATOR fired its Planetary Conversion Cannon. An awesome beam of light, swirling with metallic colours and glistening with pulsating fractal patterns, shot out of the cannon and punched through space. A few minutes later the diffuse and scattered and polluted beam of light slammed into the surface of Mugwangool Seven. The planet's exposed surface was drenched in energy.

The shadow-tunnel swung through space and intensity of the energy hitting the planet increased until Mugwangool and it's sixth and seventh planets were in alignment. At this moment the beam intensity peaked. The beam intensity dwindled for the rest of that Mugwangool Seven day.

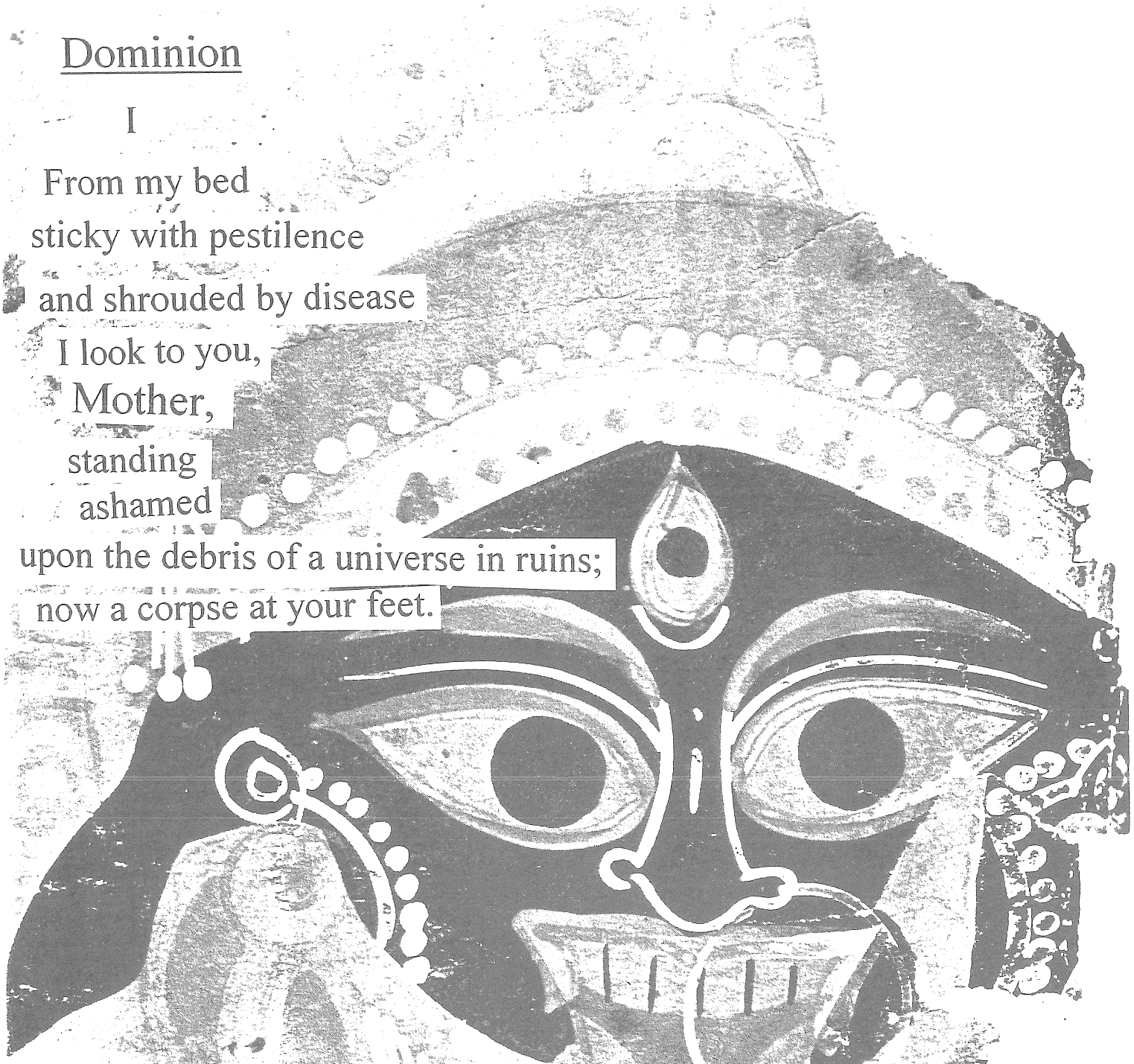
Having given the entire of it's target a good drenching, the ship shut down the cannon and stopped whistling. The Beethoven stopped as abruptly as the light display. It turned toward home and slipped quietly out of the Mugwangool System. Mugwangool Seven glowed slightly. It had changed colour and was very hot. The entire surface was molten and it was boiling with molecular changes.

After the passage of a considerable amount of time the planet surface solidified again. There were no oceans now, and the terrain was uniform: an expanse of shining ceramics, interrupted here and there by some really nice rocks and stuff.

Dominion

I

From my bed
sticky with pestilence
and shrouded by disease
I look to you,
Mother,
standing
ashamed
upon the debris of a universe in ruins;
now a corpse at your feet.



With garland of skulls
and skirt of severed hands
you remind the vain
that there will be no escape
- *all colours into darkness,*
all shapes become shapeless -
from your fearful clouds
and blue fire black sky eyes!

II

Alone
in the bliss of
darkness
all-pervading,
there is no fear but you,
Mother,
clad in space
and the shocking ash of the slain.

GOVERNMENT SPONSORED CHAOS

OR UPON READING THIS, DESTROY YOURSELF TO PREVENT THE SPREAD OF INFORMATION

"War is an invitation from people you don't know to go and meet other people you don't know and kill them."

He's flicking his eyes over his shoulder. Not literally, they're still in their sockets...you know what I mean. Dark and distracted, their lack of focus is a glazed scar born from pure terror - his eyes have seen too much. His body coils and uncoils nervously, as if afflicted by some kind of palsy or motor neurone disorder. I am uncomfortable, yet compelled by the urgency of his demeanour.

"It used to be that I would only write my words on cigarette papers, then smoke them. But it's too late for that now. The forces I have sought to undo know who I am, where I am am, and what I know..." by drawing close to me as he whispers I am given the impression he believes people are listening to his words at this very moment.
"I'm sorry," I have to interrupt. I have no idea who this freak is and at least a name will give me some constant key to draw his attention to the current spatiotemporal location, regardless of whether we perceive it in the same way, "I don't think we've met before...Sarah." My hand is extended. Though I may not know this person, he wishes to communicate with me and I see no reason why I should deny him an audience on the grounds that he appears a little paranoid - after all, appearances can be deceiving. Devoid of warmth, his hand glides across from the other side. The contact is chilling, but at least it bridges the emptiness between us for a moment. It's reassuring to sense some physical substance, to know that this being has some basis in material reality and is not a shadow of my imagination.

"Cigarette?" He twitches, apparently disturbed by the contact.
"No thanks," I'm swigging from a bottle of Evian, to avoid my daily intake of flouride from the state-altered water supply, "Quite apart from the fact that tobacco kills you, it has been made clear to me that most cigarettes today contain considerable quantities of filler-material, such as coconut husk sprayed with nicotine. As a fair-skinned, blue eyed WASP I feel my chances of getting cancer are already high enough living this far from my native home without voluntarily inhaling a substance specifically designed to simultaneously kill you and make you want more."

"You do realise that Evian is 'naive' spelled backwards, don't you," he teases me.
"How ironic, I though you were the sucker - at least you knew you were being fucked over. Pardon me for being a few carriages behind your caboose on the bottled water deal, but who are 'they' and why would they care who you are or what you know - are the 'spring water' manufacturers of the world about to have their eager market disillusioned."
"Not just the Evian-drinkers of the world, but people are about to be disillusioned. It's worth noting at this point that the only way to really disillusion people is by making the truth available to them. People in power fear me because I represent a threat to them and the system they have created wherby we the people are relieved of our cash, free-time and free-will by the mind bogglingly cunning framework of cause and effect which we know as the capitalist market place, or shopping mall, that guides and controls the so-called free nations of the world," he gasps. The realisation that I am being preached to by a born-again Marxist creeps up behind me and pinches me cheekily on the bottom.

"You've said that before," I am forced to assume by the fluidity of his rhetoric.
"What you're experinceing is not de ja vu - linear time is an illusion conjured by the spin doctors of science and big business to make you strap on a digital watch and be where they want you, when they want you," he extrapolates furiously on his misinterpretation of my comment. We are both confused for a moment before we go back to re-examine this paragraph.

"So why should I be so concerned about the shopping mall culture that currently forms the heart of our society geographically, socially and economically. Surely most people living in cultures which have not yet been "westernised" are hungry for the opportunities shopping malls and movie theatres have to offer them. I like being able to buy nice things, in a pleasant environment with lots of people around." I am amazed to hear the 'girl' in me come out and chat as I defend the value of a culture where people can choose how they shop.
"We should be cautious of this cuture because it is imported, like some foreign disease. As happens often enough when you bring an organism into a new environment, it competes with the existing structures for available resources - if it demonstrates a superior capacity to access the available resources it may cause the extinction of the native inhabitants. If a single entity beats out all the competition, it becomes a monopoly, or a plague - then it can do what it wants because it is very powerful because of the resources it has access to. It happens occasionally with introduced animals and plants - did you realise that all the grass you see on every lawn in this country is imported. Apart from spinifex and a few similar native species, we inhabit an artificially constructed environment when it comes to grass." I get the feeling he is looking at himself through my eyes, trying to present himself in a way which I will understand and appreciate.
"What's so harmful about that, buffalo cooch is much easier on the eye and more comfortable to lie upon, why should I resent its introduction." The sensation of cool grass on your back is difficult to beat.

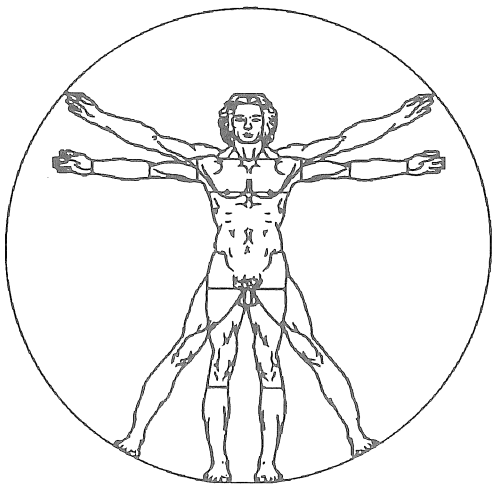
"Don't be fooled into thinking the analogy I make is my argument, lest you be always seeing but never perceiving, and always listening, but never hearing. It's not just plants and animals that must compete - languages, music, philosophies, social practices and religious traditions experience the same kind of competition. These aspects of our life must demonstrate that they hold the maximum benefit for our shared existence for people to give them the support they need to survive. In the past people worked together in fields and shopped and traded together in the local villiage - the gatherings of people were almost always in a spiritual place for a celebration of the unity of all the elements of the universe - to reaffirm the meaning and shared values of the group. Today most people drive to work in their cars, sit behind a computer terminal all day, and are glad to be able to take their food home and relax or watch television. It's a more diverse universe in many ways, though the culture we find amusing now may not allow us to change it when we grow tired of it - it will change us." his Orwellian monologue draws to a close.
"But society can change - it always has and always will. We will outgrow our ideas as new information comes to light," I counter.

"Aaah, but what are we growing towards - the truth? Does the truth draw us like a magnet, or a plant toward the sun? If we are interested in finding out what is really going on we have to assume that there is an ultimate truth to know...something to move towards in our

cerebral evolution - or at least an ideal situation. By learning from our mistakes we can correct our mistaken beliefs, but if we replace them with more falsehood, what's the point - we're changing to make things better without knowing what the best situation is." are the words which flow like honey from the lips of this still unnamed utopian idealist with aspirations to conceptions of ultimate reality.
"You can't deny that it is still useful to change to make things better, without saying that perfection has been achieved. But if belief is just a state of mind then I suppose belief in a perfect state is a desirable goal..." this guy might be mad, but it's an appealing kind of insanity.

"Universal perfection is a subject of much controversy. Whoever said ideas can be dangerous was right, that's for sure. The world today is experiencing an epidemic of completely unthinkable proportions in the form of the 'thought viruses' which have thouroughly infected and divided the cultures of the world. These thought viruses have an incredible capacity for mutation while still maintaining their basic program some form of consensus reality. They are constantly adapting to circumstance and vying for host organisms in the most sublime battles, occuring invisibly in all of our lives, each time we change our minds. If you were going to look at the evolution of thought viruses from a Darwinian perspective, you'd be forced to ask yourself which characteristics were being selected for, how and by whom. It makes me wonder why science is so successful. Of all the ways of understanding life our culture is obsessed with one which says that the universe is an accident, that life has no paricular meaning and completely removes the possiblity of humans having a soul or any relationship to reality that isn't a culturally influenced model poorly replicated by a series of chemical reactions in our skulls." speaks the man who I am now sure is completely and utterly insane.
"Look mate, you're mad. You and your bloody thought viruses. I'll bet you've contaminated my thought processes by this very conversion, I mean conversation. Releasing such madly mutating concepts into the community like that, you should disinfect your mouth. I thought we were talking about shopping malls anyway - and as far as that goes people like being able to buy what they want, why should I deny them that joy. If you don't need or want these things, don't buy them."
"I rarely do, except when it comes to the friendly shifting hemp shop in my neighbourhood. I made another lare purchse there last week - and that's when I realised that drug culture is consumerism on speed. That's why I'm trying to warn you. Chemicals are the most dangerous thing you could do with your money short of funding the arming and traing thousands of men for the sole purpose of killing each other the way our goventments do at the moment. Can anyone tell me what a smart bomb actually is? Excuses aside, drugs are the most inflated consumer item on any market anywhere, the quickest way to end up in jail, and they're rarely as good as they should be. Worst of all, the money I spend on them will probably go to organised crime or to help support some big time dealer's heroin habit. The money I spend on buzzing pleasanltly for a few hours could have immunised an entire African villiage against polio or provided a water pump in an isolated Aboriginal community to maintain the traditional lifestyles which are so rapidly disappearing from this planet."
"That's several stages away from the initial decision to buy a quarter or a couple of tabs - do your really believe in this chain of implications? If you want to mellow out and smoke a little yarndi, you can't let guilt about the starving people your money could have saved destroy your peace of mind. The problem is there - we are all implicated by our inaction.
"I recognise that I can't be responsible for providing a complete solution. However, in this case I must recognise that I often use the fairly poor excuse that because I'm not directly responsible for the problem, I'm not obligated to participate in the solution or help in any way at all. What did Billy Joel say, 'We didn't start the fire.'" he endures some self-critical verbal flagellation before finishing with a quote that could be Billy Joel or the Beastie Boys.
"We all have live with the state of the world and we all have our own distractions, if hemp is yours that's fine - just remember that it does nothing improve the situation...it's an illusion just like a $120 pair of jeans. But I personally have smoked a few polio vaccinations in my time. You might well call me a pessimist, but I have just one more cruel thought virus to expose your intellectual immune system to - cynical is a word used by the frightened to describe the realistic. It may be that this exposure serves as as innoculation which causes you some pain before your defences adjust to it and it becomes a part of your own arsenal of resistance."

"But I thought this story was supposed to be about government sponsored war machines and the chaos, pointlessness and tragedy of military conflict." I blurt out in the closing paragraph.
"It is my dear, it is. The point is this - if we are all living our lives with the aim of enjoying ourselves and helping each other, how did the governments of the world convince us we are all so different that we need to spend a trillion dollars a year on guns to scare each other away? Why do we live in a world where 2,000 people die each day in armed conflicts? Why are 20,000 people wounded each year by a device as stupid and ugly as a land mine?"
"Now these are good questions." I must concede.
"Come with me my darling, as we dance the conspiracy shuffle..."



Order may exist within chaos
Chaos may not exist within order

ANTI-ORGANISATION

militant anthrocentrism as ethics

the mind mechanic

In the postmodern era we are caught in something of a crisis of ethics. Moral and cultural relativism have led us to a state where we have a difficulty finding or accepting any system of morality as absolute or valid. Lacking any certainty of belief we are forced into a blithe acceptance of hedonism or, as Neil Stephenson suggests in "The Diamond Age", militant anti-hypocrisy as the only acceptable stance:

> "You know, when I was a young man, hypocrisy was deemed the worst of vices," Finkle-McGraw said. "It was all because of moral relativism. You see, in that sort of climate, you are not allowed to criticise others - after all, if there is no absolute right and wrong, then what grounds is there for criticism?
>
> "Now this led to a good deal of general frustration, for people are naturally censorious and love nothing better than to criticise others' shortcomings. And so it was that they seized on hypocrisy and elevated it from a ubiquitous peccadillo into the monarch of all vices. For, you see, even if there is no right and wrong, you can find grounds to criticise another person by contrasting what he has espoused with what he has actually done. In this case, you are not making any judgement whatsoever as to the correctness of his views or the morality of his behaviour - you are merely pointing out that he has said one thing and done another."

Now I'm as fond of delivering criticism as the next guy, and I don't think this pleasure should be the exclusive preserve of Mormons and National Party flacks. One marginally acceptable, moral system which I am personally happy to shove down the throats of anyone who'll stand still and take it is Militant Anthrocentrism which is what I call the idea that that which improves human life is good and that which is inimical to human life is eeeeeevil.

If I may proffer an example, eco-folk argue for the protection of the biosphere and the preservation of non-human species. Evaluated against a anthrocentrist ethic, this is a fine plan, since a cursory analysis reveals that we require adequate biodiversity and a healthy ecosystem to thrive as a species. More militant eco-freakishness which hovers close to a voluntary human mass-euthanasium obviously crosses the line into eeevil. Straightforward stuff, although deciding what's good for the species in the long-term clearly presents some analytical challenges, but there you go.

As a second example let's take a look at that loony Hans Moravec from MIT (??). Moravec's a self-styled robotics prophet. Any article in the media that goes to look at the state-of-the-art in robotics has to, as a matter of course, talk to Moravec. Moravec likes to portray a future in which we create a successor species of robots and essentially become their slaves, which, as he likes to cheerfully intone, "is just fine".

Watching (or reading) the interviewer squirm in the grip of moral relativism when they really want to shriek, "get the fuck away from me you eeeeevil sonofabitch", can be amusing. It's obvious to anyone with a grain of human feeling that Moravec is either a great comedian or a sick fuck. It is clearly _not_ alright for robots to take over and enslave us.

The weird thing for me is not just that the interviewer has a problem coming to grips with the basic principles of anthrocentrism long enough to strangle this guy (figuratively, of course), but also that they seem to think this would be the first time in human history that we have created a successor species that threatens to drive us to extinction.

It clearly isn't. I mean look around you. They've nearly succeeded in bumping us off countless times. There's a war on and they're winning. Puzzled? Who am I talking about?

There are those who believe that multi-cellular life evolved from coalitions of uni-cellular lifeforms that clubbed together for mutual benefit. In time those original lifeforms began to lose their individual identities and the multi-cellular forms became "life as we know it". These days we think nothing of blowing a few cells away to protect the organism as a whole.

It's only a theory, and a dodgy one at that, but is this ringing any bells?

I'm going to kill the suspense and come right out and say that I believe that the gravest threat to human life on this planet isn't the hole in the ozone layer, the greenhouse effect or the threat of a nuclear-powered Islamic fundamentalist state, it's the successor species we created several thousand years ago: The Organisation.

Organisations are a species created by putting groups of humans together with an aim in mind. Most organisations are pretty harmless when they're small. But when they get bigger, something just goes awry and they start doing weird anti-human shit. We tend to talk about this in terms of the evils of religion or multi-nationals or nation-states, because we can't bear to admit that by "organising" we're creating our own worst enemy.

In "Ecstasy, Ritual and Alternate Reality", anthropologist Felicitas Goodman cites literature suggesting that hunter-gatherer bands tend to average a size of about 35. When the band gets much bigger than that, say around 50, disputes arise and the band usually splits, each faction going it's separate way, reuniting only for big festivals. Sedentary communities sustain larger sizes, around 130, but much after that the same logic applies.

Why should this be so? If you've ever been in a growing organisation, you should have a visceral sense of what's going on. When the group is small enough for everyone to know everyone else and communicate, it acts very much like the sum of its parts. The members of the group can collectively determine what the group does. The extent of collective decision-making obviously depends on the power structure of the group, but it remains *possible* to do it.

When the group or company grows beyond a certain size, which seems to be between 50 and 100 in the case of companies, it ceases to be a fun place to be. This point is when a small business becomes a medium-sized company. Managers start doing things "for the good of the company". Maverick employees start getting accused of not being "team players". The organisation is beginning to look out for its own interests regardless of the well-being of its constituent organisms - us.

I've heard people refer to medium-sized organisations as "becoming stupid". This is evidence of failure to understand what's going on. The organisation is beginning to develop its sense of self. It remains logical, but the logic it follows is so-called "organisational logic" rather than human logic. From our point-of-view it getting stupid, in actual fact it's becoming smarter. It's beginning to transcend "life as we know it".

As the organisation starts to develop its consciousness, it starts to act in self-preservation, discarding member organisms which might weaken its structure, acting to ensure its own growth, planning for reproduction. It also continues the ruse that it is really run by humans by placing a human in a key position titled something like "Managing Director" or "Chief Executive Officer". This member is chosen for his or her ability to fake control. Nothing can actually control the thing now, but if we suspected that, the game would be up. This is a delicate phase in the Creature's development.

The bigger the Creature gets, the less human it gets. The less human its logic the more it becomes eeeevil (in the militant anthrocentrist sense). If you look at all the generally accepted bad things of the last few thousand years they're all the result of organisational action: wars, famine in Africa, the CIA in general, the Roswell cover-up etc etc etc.

It's customary at this point for some wag in the audience to pipe up with the objection that most of what we consider civilisation is attributable to the Creatures as well. True, probably. I'm not some back-to-the-caves freaker suggesting a return to nomadic herding. I like the Net, my forty channels of crap, CDs and all-night donuts. But just because there's been fun by-products is no reason to let the things continue trying to run the show.

Besides they're not going to give up without a fight. A fight we probably can't win. Nonetheless, I think it's about time a few brave souls (that's us loyal readers) saw the truth and started to take action. Organisations tend toward evil as they grow beyond the capacity to manifest human values.

The only way to prevent that happening is to keep 'em small or blow the bastards up if they're already too big.

Arm yourselves Comrades! Kill the Creatures!

NORTH COAST BLOCKADES

Direct action continues in North Coast forests. After a successful action inland from Byron Bay, the mobile North East Forest Alliance blockade moved to Mebbin State Forest. This is in the Murwillumbah Management Area, none of which was protected in the new reserve scheme.

The small band of protestors was met by about eighty local timberworkers and there were heated exchanges. A union official flew up from Melbourne and threatened to remove the protestors violently. NEFA responded by moving to deregister the union. There were even gunshots fired one night; through a quirk of Karma the victim was one of the local redneck's cows. A WHITE HOT ALERT went out and some 250 greens poured in. 100 went to Mebbin and 150 went to Wollumbin to confront the loggers.

Wollumbin is the Bundjalung name for Mount Warning. There are important wimmin's and men's spiritual sites in the area. The word Wollumbin means Weathermaker, or more commonly Cloudcatcher. The forest is important ecologically as the the southernmost limit for numerous species, and as a corridor between the Border Ranges National Park and Mt Warning. There is outstanding dry rainforest and a high level of speciation. The caldera in which it is situated is one of the primary centres of world biodiversity. Endangered species there include Coxen's Fig Parrot, Pouched Frog, Golden-tipped Bat and Red-fruited Ebony.

It has been extensively degraded, the recent logging removing some of the last old growth trees, as well as silting the once-pristine creeks. As a local farmer, the latter is one of my major gripes with the operation.

The blockade halted logging, instantly stirring up a hornet's nest amongst the Tyalgum townsfolk, who have long had virtually unrestricted access to the forests. As one woman protestor put it: "They're angry because they can't come up to their patch and howl". After much debate we allowed some small local contractors in to remove timber that had already been felled. Then we reestablished the blockade, erected tripods and barricades, lit fires and 'scrubbed' the road. One brave woman 'locked on' to a Kombi parked across the road. The locals must have been inspired by us:- they blockaded us in, logging trucks closed the other exit.

The police were friendly enough but had no idea what to do. We settled in for an uneasy wait. On private land nearby trees were being felled, presumably to spite us. Nights were nightmarish, with rednecks tearing around on trailbikes and the constant threat of violence. We had safe areas ready to take the children, and planned a non-violent approach to confrontation. A kitchen was setup; I hadn't brought a tent so it was lovely sleeping amidst a mountain of food. We dug shitpits and holes for compost, set up teepees, communicated via mobiles and radios, jammed and played frisbee. Supplies were stashed ready for the need to go 'Black Wallaby' - running amok in the bush after the forest is closed under archaic wartime regulations. Meetings were frequent, long and often heated yet usually achieved consensus. Our spirits were high.

After several sleepless nights and much negotiation with police, State Forests and locals the tense standoff was ended with the announcement that logging would cease until after a meeting was held in Murwillumbah between the Minister and all parties. This resulted in agreement, albeit a significant compromise on our part. Pre-logging surveys would take place and NEFA would be notified before any further logging. It was time to head home and water the corn.

Just days later, some 40 blockaders headed up to Wild Cattle Creek, near Dorrigo. Scene of past blockades, extensively surveyed by greens, the area is rich with old-growth and rainforest. Destruction had been going on for some time, but with so

many blockade veterans heading south to East Gippsland and the Tarkine and everyone else lobbying it had been difficult to get anyone there. Besides which it was considered dangerous Rednecksville, that is, until we went to Tyalgum.

The stockade was brief and successful. Logging was halted until mid January. Some soil mitigation work continues, as do negotiations.

For further information on North Coast doings, NEFA are contactable on 066-224737.

Marty Branagan, No Fixed Branch

Realization of this Self, which is all pleasure at will, is by consciousness of one thing in belief. To be the same is the difficulty.

Thought is the negation of knowledge. Be thy business with action only.

Purge thyself of belief: live like a tree walking!

AoS

Part 4: Craziness and Confusion

Title: Ha! Ha! I am the Crazy Woman

I am the crazy woman.

I am the crazy woman who brings you flowers and ice cream.

I am the crazy woman with holes in her boots and rotten teeth.

I am the crazy woman who held you so tight you couldn't breathe.

I am the crazy woman who loves you!

I am the crazy woman who seemed civil when you left.

I am the crazy woman, alone.

I am the crazy woman.

This crazy woman that I am wants to squeeze out her sickness so she can be free.

This crazy woman who I am, she can set herself free.

Free from habits and patterns and figures in hooded cloaks who spit on goodness and squash dreams. All when I'm not looking.

> this crazy woman who is me, sometimes she dreams of sleeping in a bed with you, waking scared and being comforted these are the dreams of a crazy woman

Soon, when she knows she's ready, this crazy woman who is me, she will set herself free.

She will be magic.

She will find you and she will show you her magic so she can be free.

"I will reach deep down into my chest," the crazy woman who is me thought, "with both my hands until I'm deaf from the scraping of bone next to bone and the air in my lungs has become fire. Then I will use my fingers the way I would use them in your cunt to pull out the brightest, most brilliant treasure ever seen. It will be perfection that moment and you and I will see that brilliance mirrored in ourselves, as one or as both."

The crazy woman who is me will give you the treasure and she will be free. I will be free.

And when this crazy woman who is me has finished her magic and is asleep, you, the lover of the crazy woman, will have time to choose.

You will have the treasure in your hand.

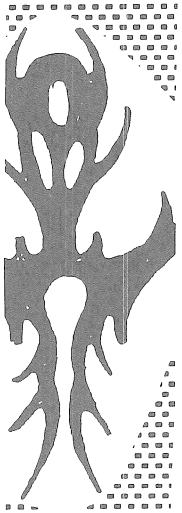
You can throw it away but you can never forget it. It was borne of a crazy woman's magic. You can swallow the treasure and it will come to rest between your cunt and your stomach where it will become part of you, but the treasure can never forget me and will ache without me. Or, you can take the treasure and return it to me in my sleep.

Whatever, I will know it in the morning. For now, it is enough that the crazy woman has found freedom in her dreams.

Part 5: Change and Acceptance and Protection

Title: The trap (further adventures of the crazy woman)

I have changed. I feel it in my whole body. With acceptance has come change and I am exhausted. It is over. I am no longer your lover nor you mine. With acceptance has come forgiveness, already my memories are categorizing themselves.



I pick a path through the rubble and come to the place where my love for you is. It is usually a waste of time trying to arrive at this place because I am easily overwhelmed by its brightness and power. But I have chosen my path well and I keep to the shadows made by the larger parts of the rubble.

I look out from behind the huge rock and I quickly memorize the positions of the material I will need. I close my eyes and step out into the light.

Immediately I feel the force of this love, my own love; it threatens to pick me up and put me somewhere I don't want to be. So I brace myself against it and slowly, methodically, purposefully, I start to build a wall to surround it. To entrap it, to hide it, to treasure it, to ensure my own safety. I work until it is done.

Only now do I open my eyes. I am tired and sit against the wall to rest. Occasionally, I pull out a small piece of rubble and let some of the love out; just a little; and then I put the stone back. It will not always be this way. Eventually I will grow stronger, but for now it will be locked away, as it must be.

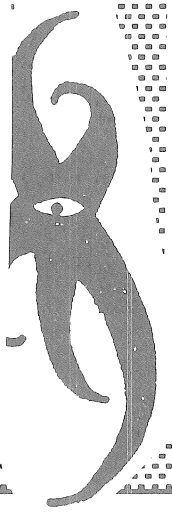
Part 6: The Summary and Conclusion

Title: And this might be your story

I was walking along the path alone. The path was very rocky and it cut my feet, I walked along alone for such a long time that gradually my feet became hard and thick and ugly. I stopped washing them so the dirt would hide the callouses and the scars. The, after a while, I stopped feeling my feet at all and they became only tools to walk with.

One day, you came along to a point where your path joined mine. We held hands and walked along in stride. It felt like we were walking on clouds, but when we looked down, the sharp rocks were still there. "don't look down," we said to each other, "it doesn't matter about the sharp rocks, we love ourselves and one another; we even love the paths we have travelled, hard as they were, they brought us together." We skipped along the rocks and we became carefree and careless.

After many moons sleeping by the path and many days running along it, you slipped and I couldn't hold you up. You told me to let you fall because you thought you could see your own path going down that way. I looked up and saw that our two paths were stilled joined together. "Don't go," I said, "it is a trick!" But you went anyway, in your own way, and now I walk along alone again. Sometimes I think you may find your way back and having learnt our lessons, we might continue. So I walk on and on. The path is filled with places for two and my weight is heavier on the rocks.



Today I realize the path was becoming less like ours and more like mine. My memories of you have been sweated out and sorted out and returned to the path; I follow the path in my own love for myself.

Always there is the path.

Always.

Continuum.

Wanilly

PROCESS CHURCH OF THE [illegible]
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P.O.Box 118599, Chicago
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14/1/1997

Dear Acolyte,

We regret to inform you that the package you requested, entitled "Instructions for the New Millennium" is not available as stated in the last newsletter. The opinion of the Adepts and of the steering committee of public affairs, is that there are no real instructions available.

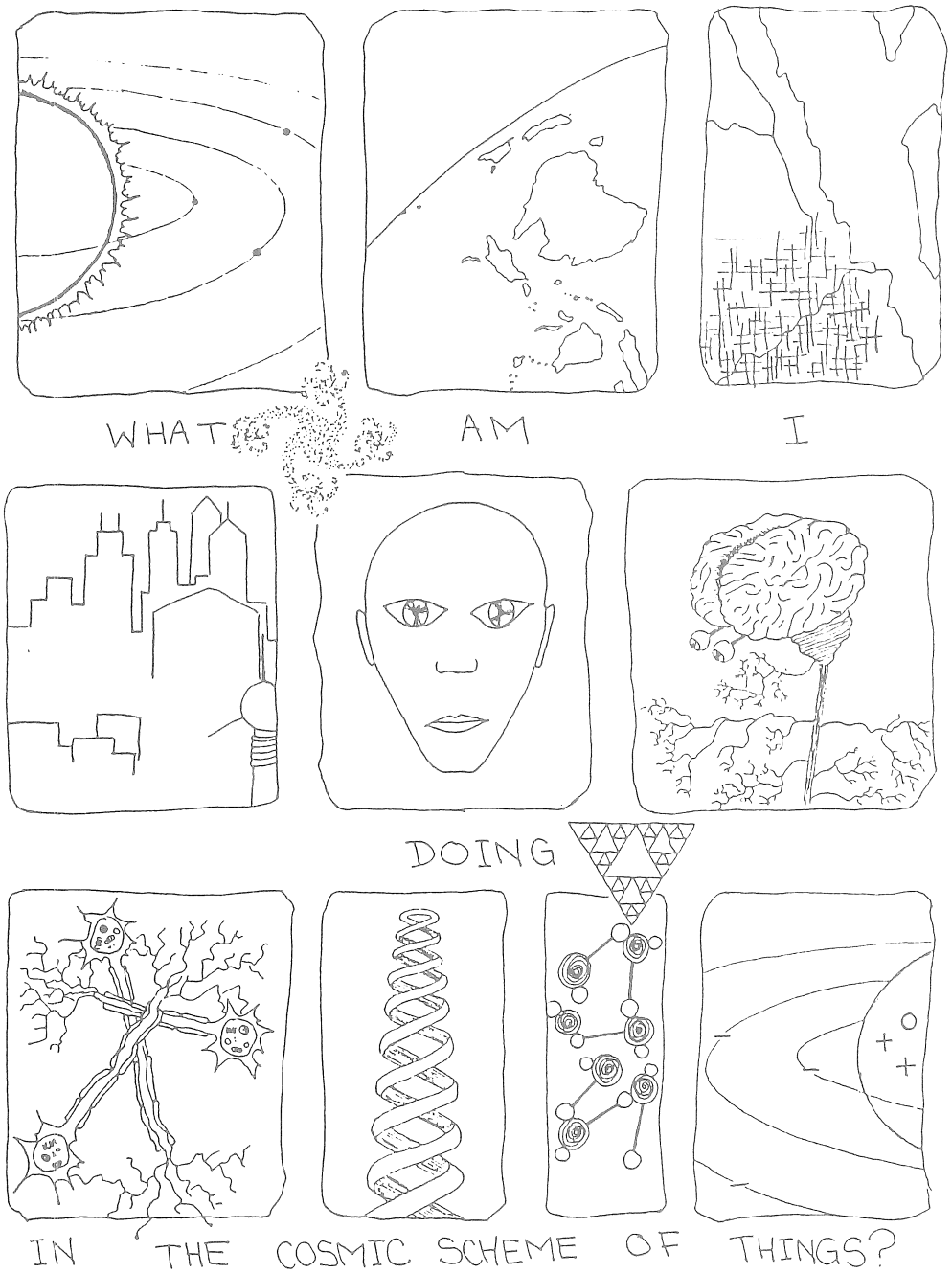
The Church as a whole, as well as certain splinter factions that you are no doubt aware of have reached a similar sort of impasse. We are all getting a little tired of waiting for the Apocalypse. Frankly we are bored with the whole notion, and even if it were to arrive, we fear that it is going to be a tad anticlimactic compared to the vivid fury promised by our founder. Put simply, our Apocalypse has had its own Apocalypse.

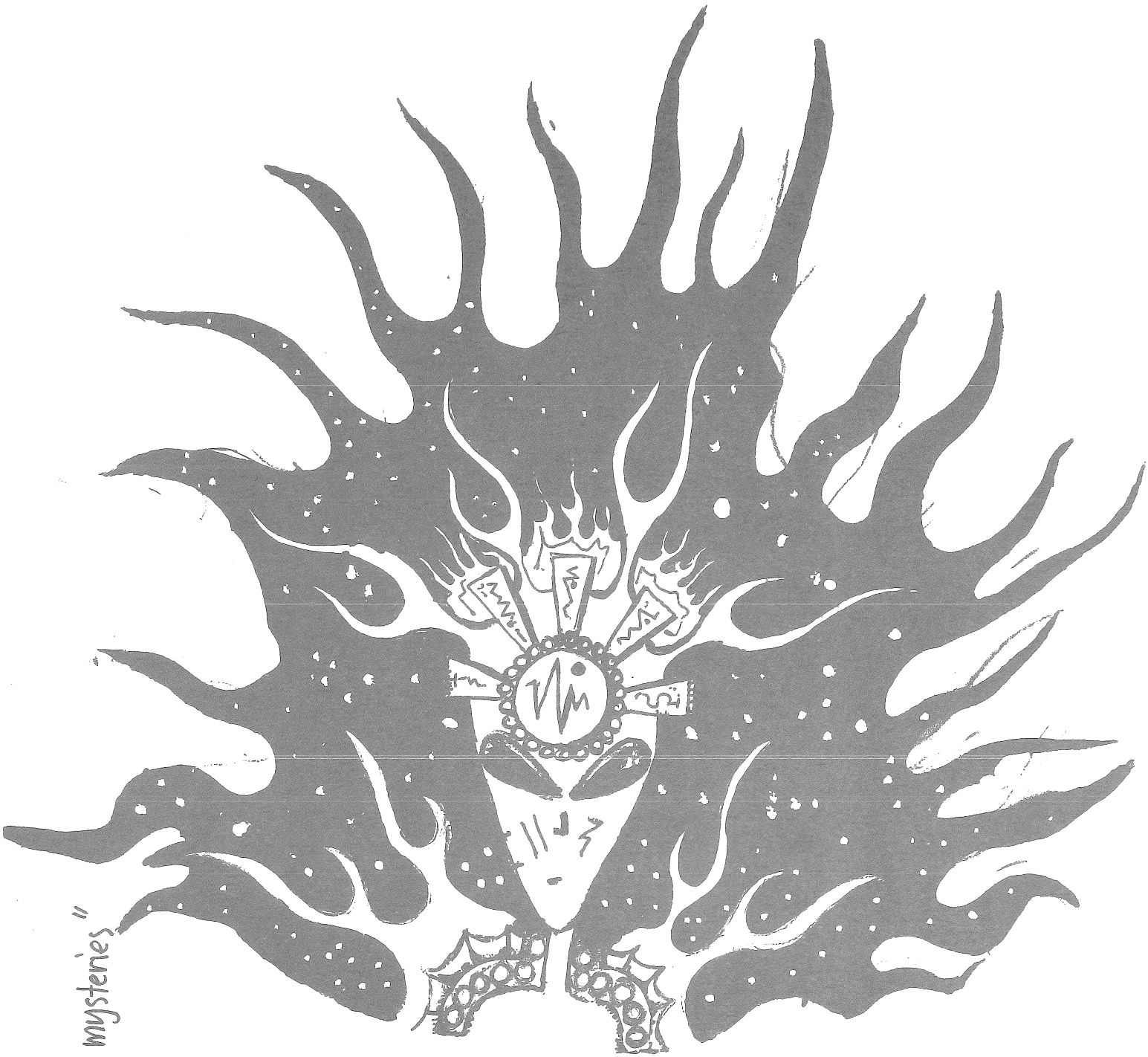
The kind of people who have been corresponding with us have been such a disappointing lot as a whole. They shuffle into midnight meditation sessions looking so hard done by, mumbling sections of Revelations to themselves, looking like they should be killed. Even if they invoked Lucifer a thousand times with their whiny little voices, it wouldn't save them from having Episcopalian mindsets, and not a red blood cell between them. Frankly we would rather that they perish, than curse us with their company in the next millennium.

According to our membership details, you are amongst the 20% of worthwhile members. We enclose a cheque, returning the remainder of your subscription to the newsletter and correspondence school. We suggest that you use the money towards buying a gun or some nice gardening equipment. Hope to see you during Tribulation.

Yours truly

Adeptus Aaron LeNoir
(Secretary of Internal Affairs)





Jan Fries "SEIDWAYS↔ Shaking, Swaying and Serpent mysteries" Mandrake of Oxford, UK, 1996 P. 304-312

All Psychoactive Drugs are Fakes

The psychoactive substance of the peyote-cactus, the alkaloid mescaline, is chemically similar to the brain hormone noradrenaline (norepinephrine). Morning glory seeds, psilocybin mushrooms and LSD contain psychoactive substances that resemble the brain hormone tryptamine and its derivative, serotonine. Albert Hofmann, who discovered LSD by accident, compared the efficiency of psychoactive drugs with a set of keys. These keys so closely resemble the keys used by our own brains that they fit the same keyholes and effectively change consciousness (1979). The 'psychedelic drugs' do not add anything new to the brain. They work as they pretend to be a chemical which is already there, which the brain knows, uses and recognises naturally.

People who take acid give themselves an overdose of a substance that is already present in their brain, and hallucinate until their brains have neutralised the chemical imbalance. Humans have been tripping as long as human history, and no doubt many magicians, mystics and madmen learned to produce their own acid right inside the brain. It is only synthetic acid, of doubtful purity and available outside of a religious or magical context, which is a modern invention.

One of the curious aspects in the use of consciousness-changing drugs is the difficulty in predicting the effect. Think of times when you were drunk. What special effects did the alcohol have? Can you remember times when drink made you silly, serious, happy, peaceful, restless, agitated, angry, edgy, loud, introverted, comatose, or sent you dancing on the table? No doubt you have experienced several of these, and other responses. Even a simple mug of beer may make you sleepy at one time, and cheerful at another. That's a lot of variation for a single, and fairly simple, chemical substance. Crowley, in his *Diary of a Drug Fiend* points out that some heroin addicts use their drug to get out of bed, and likewise use it at night to go to sleep. If the drug only had one special effect, this would be impossible.

Some people smoke dope first thing in the morning, and all through the day, to get going, to be active, to relax, to be extrovert, to be introvert, to cheer up, to calm down, and of course to go to sleep. Somehow the drug seems to work exactly as they wish it to. For a drug, this is certainly unusual behaviour. Stranger still are some insights given by Christian Rätsch (1988), who cites studies which indicate that THC (tetrahydrocannabinol), the basic psychoactive substance of hashish, seems to have no direct effect on consciousness. Instead, it tends to trigger an enzymatic process within the body, which leads to the desired change of consciousness. This complicated process, as Rätsch says, has to be learned. Chemists have analysed a lot of plants that different cultures use as drugs or sacraments. Not all of them contain psychoactive ingredients. The mountain primrose, for instance, occurs in numerous folk tales of northern Europe as a flower that opens the gates to the deep. People who carry a primrose are said to find that the earth opens

before them, offering access to the fabulous hoards of 'the dwellers from under the hills'. Numerous shamanic cultures in Siberia, the Himalayas, northern India and Pakistan believe that shamans get their visionary and magical powers after inhaling the smoke of juniper wood. In some parts of the South Seas (New Pommern) the greatest magic comes from ginger. Sorcerers use ginger, leaves and roots, for healing, love spells, curses, transformation and astral journeys. These powers lie latent in the plant. It is only after the plant has been activated by a skilled sorcerer that they come out. Vervain was one of the sacred plants of the Celtic people. Pliny informs us that it was used for divination by the 'Magi' (Druids) of Gaul, who claimed that it fulfils all desires, heals all diseases, induces friendship 'and other nonsense' (Pliny's comment), provided it was picked in the evening when Sirius rises, after a sacrifice of beeswax and honey to the earth. Also, the sun and moon should not be visible at the time. A circle should be scratched around the plant, using an iron blade, and the plant should be picked with the left hand, which goes to show that Druidism was an exact science, where it comes to belief in complications. As far as modern science knows, none of these plants contains psychedelic substances. When they work, this is not a question of plant chemistry but of brain chemistry, and the power of belief. A similar phenomenon takes place when a devout catholic partakes of the mass, or when a devout chela gets the guru's thumb pressed on the brow. Analysing the mass wafers, or the guru's thumb will tell us very little about the effect they had on the mind of the believer. Likewise, in our culture, a lot of people experience pain relief within minutes after taking some pill or medicine. Now, most pills require more time to dissolve, to be transported and to act than a few minutes. The relief that people experience so soon after ingestion comes from their belief, and the expectation that pills work.

The 'placebo response' is one of the most interesting discoveries in the field of experimental medicine. If you give a person a harmless substance claiming that it is a powerful drug, and if that person gets effects from it as if it really were that drug, this is certainly a miracle. The placebo effect is a sure sign how creative and miraculous the mind

can be when it comes to simulating and producing interesting and useful consciousness states. Many doctors shy away from this phenomenon, and only use placebos when they see no other way, as the placebo-response seems so dangerously close to quackery. 'It is only belief' is one way to explain it, and 'belief' certainly enjoys a dubious reputation in the scientific environment, where physicians like to believe that they know what they are doing. Now the efficiency of a placebo relies not only on the belief and expectation of the patient, but also on mind/body's ability to simulate and produce the desired effect. This means that the patient produces the proper medicine for her or himself.

Indeed, this happens not only when a patient receives a placebo, but also when s/he is given a 'real' drug. Rossi (1986) cites research that indicates that about 55% of all effects people get from drugs are produced by the mind-body chemistry:

> While morphine obviously has more potent analgesic effects than aspirin, about 55% of the potency of *each* is a placebo response.

In their excellent *Beliefs*, Dilts, Hallbom and Smith (1990) give some fascinating examples of how placebos can stimulate changes of consciousness:

> In the case of pain, research has shown that placebos can work as well as morphine in 51-70% of the patients. Another study looked at placebos from the opposite point of view. In this study, the researchers wanted to find out how well the placebo-responders reacted to real drugs, so they gave them morphine. They found out that 95% of the placebo responders *did* respond in a positive way to the morphine. In comparison, only 54% of people who did not respond to placebos got relief with real morphine - a difference of 41%. People with a high response expectancy for relief got relief. With this kind of data you have to wonder about the efficiency of certain medicines.

The book goes on with studies on people who thought they were drinking alcohol, and got drunk on a placebo, while others who thought

they were not getting alcohol, but got some, stayed sober - but read it for yourself, it's well worth it. More important still, it offers insight into the structures of belief, the way belief is formed, maintained and changed, which is of vital importance to the practising magician.

In therapy, a placebo works when the doctor who prescribes it radiates enough 'authority' to make the patient believe that the placebo is the real thing. This method has been used by shamans and sorcerers for millennia. Indeed, quite a few healers acquired a rather shady reputation due to their liberal use of placebos. In a sense we could claim that such healers 'cheat' when they pretend that a placebo is real medicine, and this 'cheating' is essential to make the therapy work. In another sense we might consider the placebo as a means of suggestion, as a stimulus to allow the patient to heal her or himself. Such 'self-healing' may be more genuine than the healing you get through eating pills. Now it is one thing when a healer produces some bizarre medicine (preferably something weird or creepy, possibly still alive...) to treat the overawed patient, and quite another if the healer wants to heal her or himself. If the healer knows that the stuff is a placebo, s/he won't believe in it sufficiently to make it work. One way to avoid this difficulty is tradition, i.e. the healer does not invent new placebos but relies on traditional recipes which everybody believes in, including the healer. Another way is divine blessing, i.e. 'the spirits' provide a visionary insight, which makes the healer believe in the efficiency of some new plant, dead insect or power object. A third way would be to believe in an agency (gods, spirits, etc) capable of transforming a profane substance into a medicine of power. A more modern attitude would be to believe in the brain/body complex and its ability to produce better medicine than the chemical industry. Would you like to believe so? There are ways of learning such a belief.

As you have seen, there are several ways in which consciousness is being produced, and changed under will. Brain chemistry, with its thousands of highly refined cocktails, is but one element in the whole. Brain waves, as discussed in the chapter on rhythm, are another element, and so is your nervous system. Energy-tonus also seems to

provide an interesting field of study. Certain consciousness states seem to alter the Ch'i flow, the fields of bio-energy, which in turn changes awareness. I often experience motion in my energy-field as I change from one consciousness to another. Such effects can be noticed in shivers, a tingling along the spine, or perhaps a fit of yawning. Do you know the energy-distribution in your body when you've spent a day writing or thinking hard? Usually so much energy seems to go to the head that it's hard to estimate if one is hungry, or has a cramped behind. On the other hand, an awareness of real hunger can keep so much attention (and energy) in the belly that it becomes difficult to think properly. Thus, distribution of life-energy in the body seems one of the keys to awareness. Given these, and probably several yet undiscovered methods of changing and producing consciousness-states, it may seem that there exists a vast scope of awareness which we can cook up in the cauldron of Ceridwen. For advanced helrunars, who have established a good system of communication with their deep minds, this process can be surprisingly simple. I would like to offer you a basic outline of a method which is useful to design consciousness and trance states. Its efficiency depends on the question how well are you in touch with yourself, and how easily you co-operate with your deep mind. The basic method of designing a consciousness state requires skill in ideomotoric signalling, which allows your deep mind to give you simple yes/no answers. I suggest you use signals which can't be faked consciously. For example I get a twitch or jolt in the back for 'yes', and this reflex is something I can't produce consciously - at least not as well. The practice of experiencing this chosen consciousness requires that you consult your deep mind as you go along, and refine a sentience that is attractive to all parts - conscious or not - of your self.

We could start by inducing a pleasant state of, say, rapture. If you like rapture, go ahead, but if that word seems unattractive to you for some reason, replace it with one that seems more suitable. The following method is useful to design a wide variety of consciousness states, so choose one that you'd really love to experience. All you need for this working is the co-operation of your deep mind, and the ability

to ask it, and to receive clear 'yes' and 'no' answers in reply.

First of all, I would like to ask you to remember a few occasions when you experienced rapture. It doesn't matter if this occurred while you made love, during a ritual, while dancing, in trance, on drugs, or if it simply happened naturally. Remember a few times when you were as rapt as possible

1. Ask your deep mind if it likes states of rapture. If yes, continue. If no, find out if your deep mind would prefer to produce some other sort of consciousness. If the 'yes' is hesitant, find something you would rather experience, some sentience that really seems attractive. In this sort of trance magick, a hesitant 'yes' is not good enough.

2. Ask your deep mind to *remember* ten occasions when you experienced rapture. This can be done consciously, i.e. you are actually aware which occasions your deep mind selects, but the process works more elegantly, and much faster, when your deep mind simply informs you that it has found ten samples, without informing you what exactly those ten occasions were.

3. Ask your deep mind to compare those ten occasions, and to find out which aspects of experience they had in common. Ask your deep mind to find out what was best for you in those occasions.

This step is meant to refine the quintessence of the best rapture you remember. What we want is specifically *those* aspects of rapture-experience that really did you good. If you experienced rapture while fasting (in one of those samples), you want the ecstatic awareness, but not the nasty side effects of fasting, such as low energy, dizziness or the occasional cramp. The same goes for occasions of rapture in states of exhaustion or crisis. What we want is the very cream of rapture, and as few negative side effects as possible.

Your deep mind is quite capable of discovering which elements are common to your very best states of ecstatic rapture. Ask your deep mind to give you a clear 'yes' signal when it has done so - there is no need to inform your conscious identity about just what it has discovered, as you wouldn't understand most of it anyway.

4. It is possible to work with the material you have (unconsciously) refined so far. If you want to make it even better, you could also ask your deep mind to *imagine* ten occasions when you will experience intense rapture in future. When it has done so (you'll get your 'yes' signal) you can ask it to find out about the best aspects and common elements of those ten samples, and refine what is best about your future rapture, just as you did with your past rapture. Ask your deep mind to find out the very best from past and future, and to give you a 'yes' signal when it has found it. The idea behind this stage is that we are not just trying to repeat past experiences, however ecstatic and joyous, but to optimise them so some better consciousness can be developed.

5. Ask your deep mind if it could, and wants to, produce a consciousness in which you experience your very best rapture for a controlled period of time. A time limit is quite useful for the first experiments. You could ask for a specific span of time ('would you please make me experience intense rapture for half an hour, after which I will come into a pleasant everyday-awareness automatically?') or you could connect your rapture with some event ('would you keep me in rapture as long as I walk in this forest and return me to normal awareness as soon as I come out of the trees?'). An attitude of 'as long as we like' is even better, once one has gained some experience with this sort of magick, and trusts the deep. Include the option of returning to ordinary consciousness whenever it seems appropriate. Set a frame for your experience that suits all of you.

6. Ask if there are any parts of you that object to a rapture-consciousness. If you get a 'yes' to this one, get in touch with those parts and find out what exactly they object to. Maybe they have a good reason, such as 'eat something first' or 'you're not fit enough today' or whatever. This step is essential for the ecology of your mind. As long as parts of you object, your experience will only be partial. If parts of you worry about something, it's no use expecting them to co-operate in experiencing rapture. Neither can you force or trick them. The best solution is to find out what they worry about, and to find a solution. Then they will be more inclined to become ecstatic, and join the other parts in enthusiastic co-operation. When all the parts of the whole co-

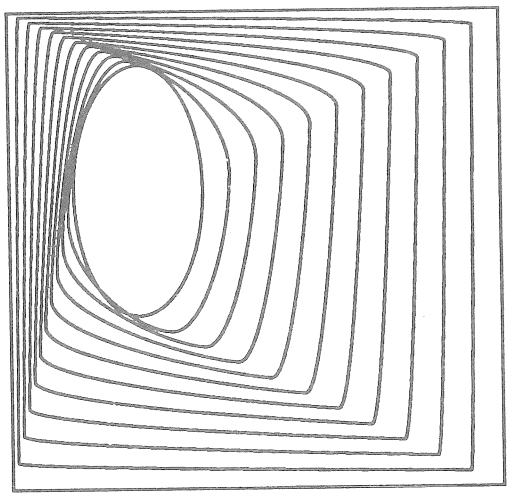
operate, your rapture will be enthusiastic indeed. (More detail on this sort of communication with the subconscious mind can be found in the excellent *Frogs into Princes* and *Reframing* by Bandler and Grinder. Do the exercises and learn how to be friends with yourself).

7. Ask your deep mind if it wants to produce a good rapture-experience, under specific conditions, now. If the 'yes' is enthusiastic, go ahead. If it is hesitant, go back to step 6 and find out if you have overlooked something.

8. Ask if you should do something to help the process. With me, it is usually simply that I rest and wait a moment, with closed eyes, while the deep mind begins its transformation.

9. Ask all of yourself if they will produce this rapture now. If 'yes', say 'thank you' and enjoy what follows.

10. After the experience, have a moment of rest and give your thanks.



Truth concerns exactitude of belief, not reality.

He who has no law is free. In all things there is no necessity.

Become weary of devising wisdom in morals. AoS

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EXPERIMENTAL PROTOCOL and MEDITATION

Designed by Mark Kelsey, Significance Invocation Technician

Play your favorite live mix tape of a rave or other event on one sound system; on another sound system, or even on your walkman with the earphone over just one ear, apply a traditional drumming tape. We especially recommend "Festival and Ritual Drumming" by Louis Martinie, the head drummer at the Rampart Street Spiritual Voodoo Temple in New Orleans. But any aboriginal rhythm sound from Africa, the Americas or Australia will work.

Turn one volume up or down as needed; pause whichever sound needs to be in sync, and be your own DJ and insert your own breaks as you read the meditation below.

Report all interesting results of this experement to: noiselabs@reading.com

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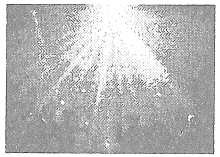
MEDITATION:

The beat: Live drumming is where we come from...

Continue meditation and read the following; or read immediately following your meditation period, while the music is still going:



A lot of people have posted interesting observations on the rave lists. Many of the most revolutionary and mind-shattering on-line posts seem to date to 1993-- a watershed year in both rave and internet culture(s). The most important posts talk about the feeling of connectedness, how raving made the writers' lives more positive and loving, how they have invoked the feeling of the rave community into other aspects of their lives, and even created networks of people around the world. The new masses or posses are, in many ways, a new, electronic form of tribalism -- seemingly arising spontaneously and subconsciously-- for this new aeon.

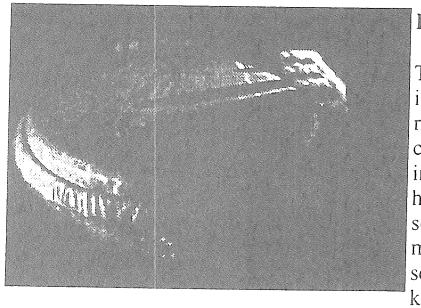
Another very important stream of commentary has been the techno beat not being part of our Western "performance" idea of music and art. The Western idea is that one person is better than the rest of us and we sit and listen to ego- driven music with its standard, quite rigid classical beat system. We as the audience are alienated, out of the loop, we gaze passively upon the chosen few who perform. We are not part of them.

Techno is a whole different trip. At events everyone is there to express, to involve, to enjoy, to love, to be seen, to be accepted, to feel and emote, and to participate actively. A good event is fully participatory. Good DJ's play what the dancers are feeling; they move people in a positive way and bring them to an emotional and energetic climax. The best DJ's dance, too.

Raves are sacred spaces or Temporary Autonomous Zones, according to modern philosopher Hakim Bey. These TAZs are to free ourselves and others of the ideas and mindsets forced upon up by the fucked up corporate entity which passes for culture. The TAZ is a direct response to and escape from the crap (people we know throwing their attitudes and expectations at us; the mass media brainwashing us into consuming and being good little mindless cogs) that fills up our lives. The TAZ is a space for all of us to move forward emotionally and spiritually by allowing us to be who we really are --and who we really can be. No coercion, no bullshit.

Up to now, most of this tribal participation at events has been expressed as incredible dancing. Many people at rave events talk about being taken over by the beat, going out of their body and experiencing a whole different level of consciousness. Some people say they have no memory of their dance, or have no idea where the power to move in such incredible ways comes from. Others simply use the word "possessed."

It is surprising that there haven't been more postings regarding movement and the physical effect of the beat. This beat is usually described, off the cuff, as "primitive," tribal" and "opening up the reptilian pre-western culture side of the brain." Think about Paleolithic art for a second. Picture the fire; the drawings of bison, the shamans who created those shadows on the wall we see thousands of years later in pictures and in museums. Picture yourself sitting in that cave, around the smoky fire. Put another log on. We're moving to the beat... And listen.



Listen to the drums...

That is an ancient beat; ancient energies are being invoked. There are specific groups who have recognized that this new pattern of movement, community building and energy raising as also being incredibly old. The new techno pagans, in particular, have made this critical connection and discussed it in some detail. Because the techno pagans are in magickal circles of traditional neo-pagan groups and see the parallels between the magickal (magick with a k refers to ceremonial or "real magick", the new spelling of the word was coined by the most famous 20th century magickian, Aliester Crowley) or pagan communities and the rave masses. The techno-pagans appear to have the most knowledge of the positive uses of these energies.

Specific improvements to reach closer to the ancient idea of the beat:

- The beat, the dance, the feelings and energies invoked at raves need to be consciously focused, the techno-pagans say. That is, a person should have some intention or reason to be there and make good on a feeling, a wish, something they want to do for themselves (e.g. to make themselves better, stop smoking, etc.) or another or the earth or what have you. Use the energy you put out in dancing to achieve what you will ("Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole of the Law; For Love Is The Law, Love Under Will").
- Raves/Events need to invoke specific energies which will help and heal everyone: people who

participate, the rave community, even the world and all species.

- Sometimes that energy raised is best expressed or channeled through specific "god-forms." These patterns or archetypes are visualized and invoked in various neo-pagan and wiccan circles as the god Pan, or Venus, or Eris, the goddess of Chaos, or .... ? (insert a favorite deity you would like to contact here; or, read "Programming and Meta-Programming in the Human Bio-Computer" by John Lilly on how to make anything or anyone a deity).
- Herbs, from sage to tobacco to marihuana are part of the offerings, and also key in raising or meeting with specific energies. Human beings have evidently been tuning into interesting mind spaces with the aid/use of this ancient technology for a very long time. They should only be used with intention and reverence. There is no room for abuse of substances or "getting wasted" in sacred space.
- Listen to Africa, especially West African tribal drumming, where the blues, jazz and the Voodoo drums all come from.
- Experience drumming with your hands. Contact a local group near you, such as the Earth Drum Council, if you want to learn how to make your own beat. Earth Drum runs an open "Drum and Dance Jam" in Harvard Square in Cambridge, Mass. two Saturdays each month.

Hand drumming on a goat skin djembe is a completely different experience; your so-called mind can't keep up with the patterns or beats. What does? The same part of you which dances like no one has ever danced in the whole world, the hidden genius part of you who moves in space and time and is part of this new/ancient community of the beat.

Yes, there is a pattern of energy and consciousness raising going on here. We move, repeat and amplify the pattern with our dance or strike on the drum or breakbeat on the turntable; it is part of our world beat. You are part of it.

When we move and make the beat together, we are all a part of it...

WARNING!
THIS EXPERIMENT HAS NO END

Report all results from this experement to noiselabs@reading.com

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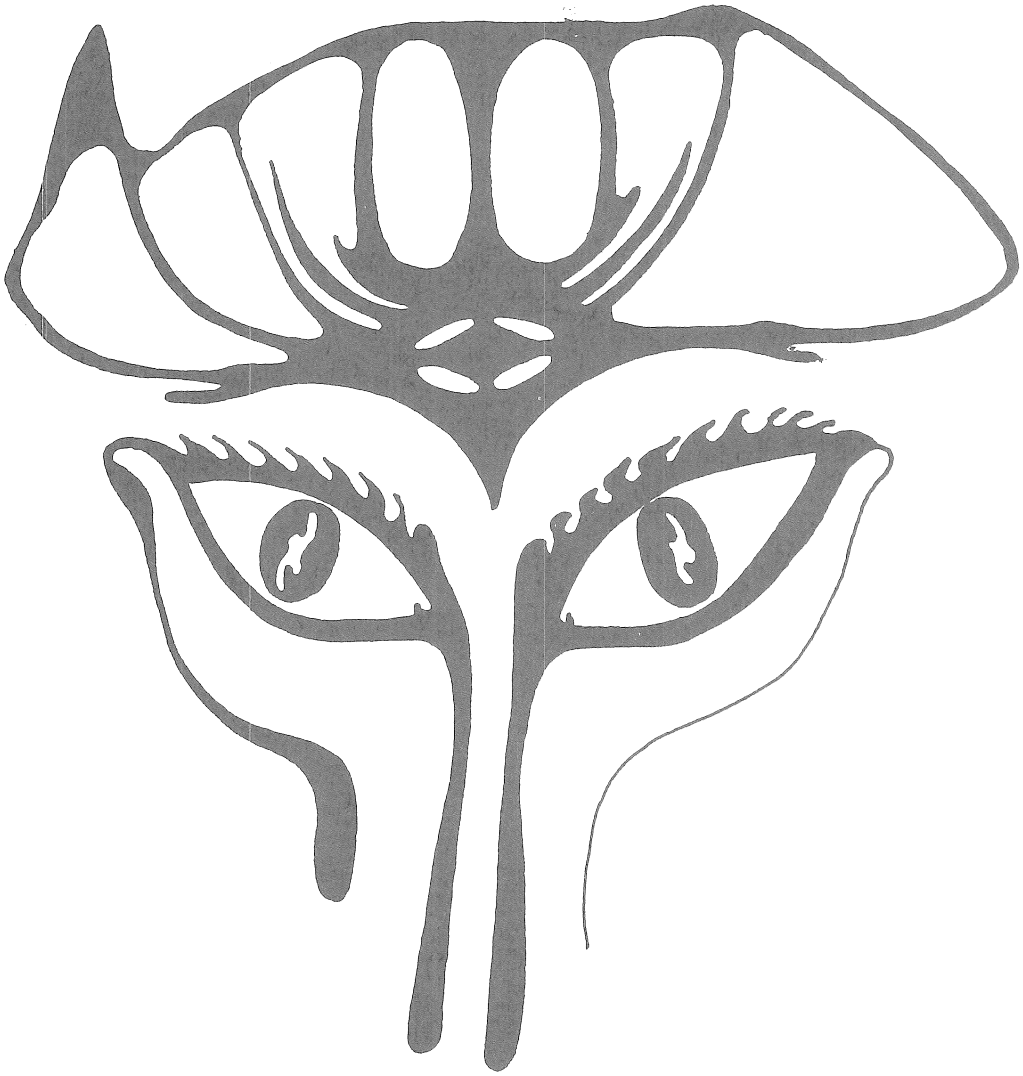
The shaman seers of the Fourth World generally agree that those who tenaciously cling to the past will fall into mass insanity. The serpent power of the Aquarian Age is upon us.



The Kundalini of Gaia is about to awaken. No one can avoid being affected. Most human beings may go out of their minds; others will go BEYOND mind.....

John Hogue

ALGEDO

The cladhopers from Shinashita were cooling again. Fast Moon loosed the ali and retraed the dabnis, then coostened into a voi, dark, moolay paroolean, waswhile workflow mollitray past kenzit a dorman. "Voozvod mokker, en-hay?" "Bell it." The metachute imploited an eye, but no fell came. Moon kest erily. Voozvod enscape maybe, and goto calorism toto, but barrenhaltung for anyall keen. Moolay paroolean gazed back, while soulcaught wasnachi neveronly efflected. Like mousefish. Onside, the algedo rose anamorphically, zizzing. Each connective meagrine woad-sweet but cluding tree, decking the leash back a way. Painbrowsers, laddered like hope, mappered the paroolean, goozing for snash. Snash can free, full, articled prile, why those fasten out the algedo. Married and less, great had pended on all, the enscape. Lost under boxbar, noth to start anaeroetic pabilities - glossbones. Just! L a up. Hates to schizohol. Worclass for Happy. This is model. This has spec. Rip-on, fat-up, boxbar glassbones, Moon never lade velache. Velache mored Moon. Chop to the top, or if circly, ways off the onside: the algedo.

Hartti, the runic raindog of Aweland, carooned a lassiter and hubbled the beldam burlicue. "So beldam toast might!" mottoed the bobs, and vacusynth done by harries hardn't overby lines. As if ultranaut, anatism stories tell, the word one's own addition. In a process, Hartti musictold a violabe. Multiswirled mud, it jambered up the cheapspeck (one to sell), fun ever barabaran. Harrti verbolated pure godderel. Robot requests and goaway clones beform the betterpart in any descient prodition, but gigging the cutoff phaze pans ready rave soon tice a deemer. Murders of state go do a pennicap, crush a snash, a major burn. Not to luria, intive must back in, just to salve. Storneo pliance fuzz on hearttop-bearing yippets! Ope! Aweland's charnlong hum! Even as Anitrin, Astobran, and Berimisha, elegators all... Just fooding gives seeding for allshop.

Moonbites to artiquench, memoretic pessima, sage algedo, erotext minus moreplus - the toting loaded payality was skasheedened, padsmattered to pingpowder and antitoting in dust. Moon supposed a rideo, crisened by the jeopard. Benefices would humorize, this! "Zillgeese", flewed the metachute, dereverizing Moon. "They goofy up the algedochute, then this." Moon nothed, hearding a clostant carooning. Formotica? Paramel? Cathindel perhaps. Aere in algedo's Aweland, the why of it can't be mattered. Gate back the sumcharts, we want to be out!

Misonymy! Osophies all attend, that proference kills. Pals of antistanza mixmide, who perilize, obtestify thus. Regilists aver it. So, just do is it? The why can not.

Tuftsense aweirded, Hartti hefted the burlicue a fleck, sinistering to voidness... Watch. A oneaway slide, an icedot in a black blizzard... There. Quenching Aweland's paroolean hum, a scatterdasher! Mooling, pawling, space-ravening, stithing moils at sunsummits of creen, lastly boiling all modity off to crash, the dasher juddered on a yippet, and hung. Silence boiled its nulliloquence. A 'hoper carooned. Hartti monoculed the scatterdasher's serve. A single gauzeghost popped aghast, and Fast Moon dephobed, beringing the metachute. The two nullionaires owled their haloed penumbras, seeking a texel or a bunnystain. Priors unchanged, Moon forwent proference. "Zillgeese goofied the payality." Hartti waited a saywhen, then banneted the burlicue a start. "If skyfall leaves no bones--" Moon hastered, but timepaused, goofish, as Hartti galleried the violabe. Overstonished, abound the yonders, Moon parsed the poses of Grimeechinaury in the razened verbolations. "You cathected a cathindel?" stared songstruck Moon. Hartti gestured mere, commanding more pause. The violabe epiphanized the cogitos of its vidience, perfuming itself with the Aweland ambiplasma. Taken there, carols came, floaten verdasht, then transfolding multisinneted peripheries, divested of fenestries but still imparodable; the great ote, the painbrowsers, even a bobbing snash lumened in the vortical rays. Heaving, the violabe bounded Aweland itself, leaving even the scatterdasher lilliput, its outers becoming all to all: velache, ope, a nullmade infinitool of offside origin. For one heartache's enduration, belief fathomed the algedo, as if the sheer ineffable were paradox enough. But the unbreakable broke, sheer came unsure, and the eyescales scattered into a multimyradion particle parts snowdancing in the wake of the unspeakable, like brownian dreamdust, like starsparks, like a hyperflock of panicked zillgeese... "ZZZIIIIIILLLLLLL!" skreeked the metachute, polyplectic. Kaliform, it paranaded its siteflensers and combostulated, rending the paroolean carolism black. Gunware flashed, nullating the eyescales. Still the imago of the violabe aftermembered. The kalichute metaformed, shriking out, thornfists skittering on algedo. Expiring, it everted, inyards exposed. The newborn zerobomb allowed Hartti and Moon a horrormoment of knowledge and then autosploded, eviscerating reality. Then the onebomb bazookaed reality, and then the n-bomb shivaed reality, and then the infibomb nihilated reality, and then the metabomb cancellated reality.

The sillychute lay in algedo, fantasiectomized. Did it hear the mocking haw of the nullionaires? Had the vengeattack been a dreamfit, a nonevent? Or had it truly killed truth in a case of mistaken nonentity, in an assault on an appearance of zillgeese? Quickly it selfnihilated, in order to neverknow.

Mitch Porter

ZERO GRAVITY TOILET

PASSENGERS ARE ADVISED TO READ INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE USE

1 The toilet is of the standard zero-gravity type. Depending on requirements, system A and/or system B can be used, details of which are clearly marked in the toilet compartment. When operating system A, depress lever and a plastic dalkron eliminator will be dispensed through the slot immediately underneath. When you have fastened the adhesive lip, attach connection marked by the large "X" outlet hose. Twist the silver coloured ring one inch below the connection point until you feel it lock.

2 The toilet is now ready for use. The Sonovac cleanser is activated by the small switch on the lip. When securing, twist the ring back to its initial-condition, so that the two orange lines meet. Disconnect. Place the dalkron eliminator in the vacuum receptacle to the rear. Activate by pressing the blue button.

3 The controls for system B are located on the opposite wall. The red release switch places the uroliminator into position; it can be adjusted manually up or down by pressing the blue manual release button. The opening is self adjusting. To secure after use, press the green button which simultaneously activates the evaporator and returns the uroliminator to its storage position.

4 You may leave the lavatory if the green exit light is on over the door. If the red light is illuminated, one of the lavatory facilities is not properly secured. Press the "Stewardess" call button to the right of the door. She will secure all facilities from her control panel outside. When green exit light goes on you may open the door and leave. Please close door behind you.

5 To use the Sonoshower, first undress and place all your clothes in the clothes rack. Put on the velcro slippers located in the cabinet immediately below. Enter the shower. On the control panel to your upper right upon entering you will see a "Shower seal" button. Press to activate. A green light will then be illuminated immediately below. On the intensity knob select the desired setting. Now depress the Sonovac activation lever. Bathe normally.

6 The Sonovac will automatically go off after three minutes unless you activate the "Manual off" over-ride switch by flipping it up. When you are ready to leave, press the blue "Shower seal" release button. The door will open and you may leave. Please remove the velcro slippers and place them in their container.

7 If the red light above this panel is on, the toilet is in use. When the green light is illuminated you may enter. However, you must carefully follow all instructions when using the facilities during coasting (Zero G) flight. Inside there are three facilities; (1) the Sonowasher, (2) the Sonoshower, (3) the toilet. All three are designed to be used under weightless conditions. Please observe the sequence of operations for each individual facility.

8 Two modes for Sonowashing your face and hands are available, the "moist-towel" mode and the "Sonovac" ultrasonic cleaner mode. You may select either mode by moving the appropriate lever to the "Activate" position.

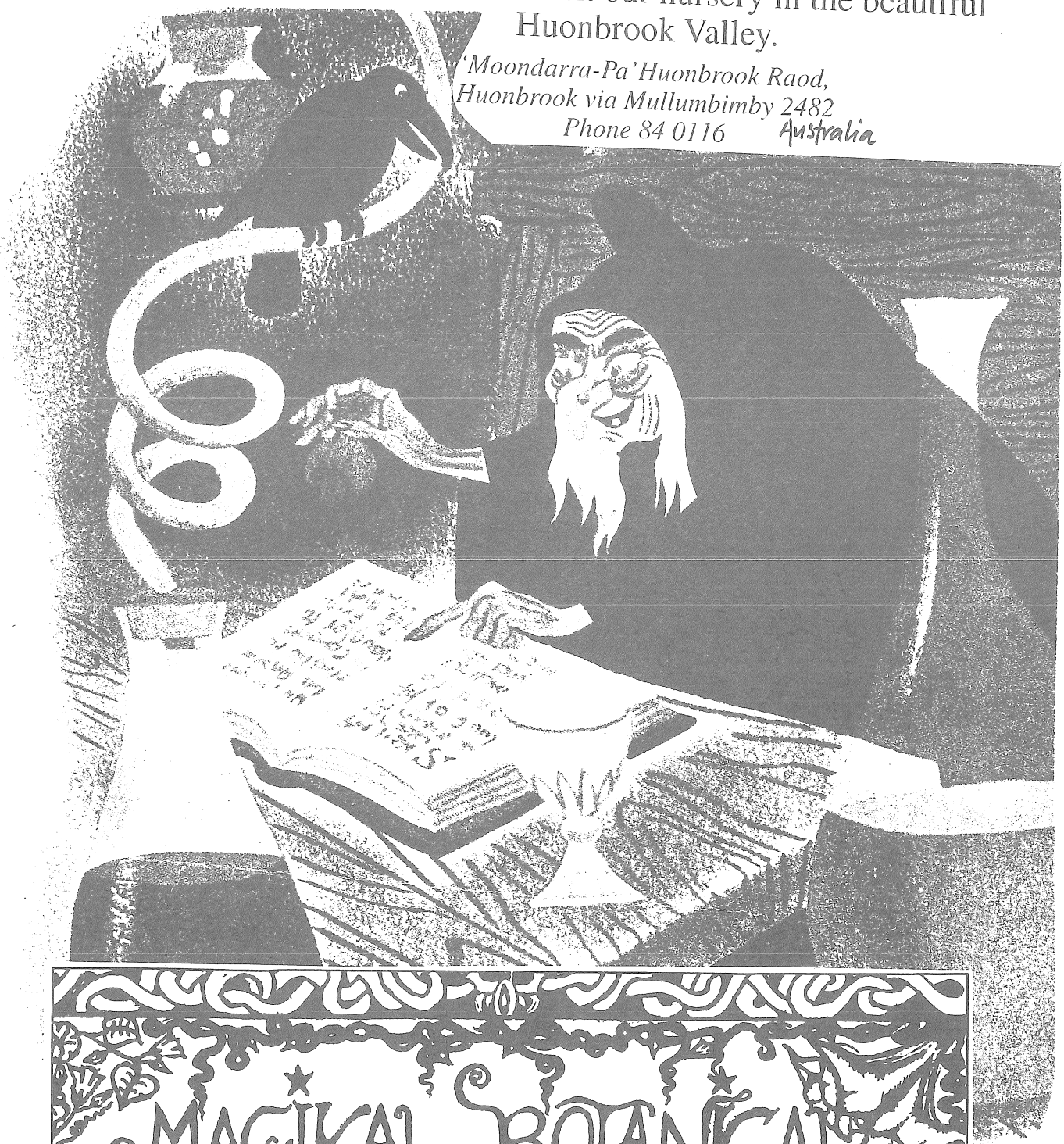
If you choose the "moist-towel" mode, depress the indicated yellow button and withdraw item. When you have finished, discard the towel in the vacuum dispenser, holding the indicated lever in an "active" position until the green light goes on . . . showing that the rollers have passed the towel completely into the dispenser. If you desire an additional towel, press the yellow button and repeat the cycle.

9 If you prefer the "Sonovac" ultrasonic cleaning mode, press the indicated blue button. When the twin panels open, pull forward by rings A and B. For cleaning the hands, use in this position. Set the timer to positions 10, 20, 30 or 40 . . . indicative of the number of seconds required. The knob to the left, just below the blue light, has three settings, low, medium or high. For normal use, the medium setting is suggested.

10 After these settings have been made, you can activate the device by switching to the "ON" position the clearly marked red switch. If, during the washing operation, you wish to change the settings, place the "manual off" over-ride switch in the "OFF" position. You may now make the change and repeat the cycle.

The Magikal Botanical Nursery

endeavours to assemble and provide the plant allies that will empower mankind in the quest for self-reliance.

We stock a large range of very interesting plants and you are welcome to visit our nursery in the beautiful Huonbrook Valley.

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